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T H E
METHODIST:
ATTEMPTED IN
PLAIN METRE.

Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis.

HOR.

Sempiterno nominabitur.

Noli putare me hæc auribus tuis dare.

NOTTINGHAM:

PRINTED for the AUTHOR,

At G. BURBAGE'S OFFICE on the LONG-ROW.

M, DCC, LXXX.

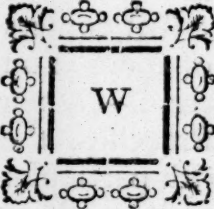
THE
UNITED STATES
NATURAL HISTORY



NO. 11111
P. 11111

The DEDICATION.

*To the People called Methodists in general—more especially to
the Reverend the Clergy, and the Lay-Preachers in Connection
with the Rev. JOHN WESLEY.*

 HAT apology can I urge sufficient to palliate my presumption in attempting to illustrate a subject in such rustic verse, which is worthy the pen of a *Milton* or a *Young*? Truly, the best excuse I can offer is the simple Truth—Last December I accidentally cast my eye upon “A Poem on the Reverend John Wesley, written *extempore* by a Woman in Cornwall.” Giving it a cursory reading, I could not forbear secretly wishing to see something more at large upon a subject which is so very interesting to the Methodists in general, the Preachers in particular, and even in some respects, to the Kingdom at large.

But this, so far as I know, has not been attempted before. However, being confined at home about three weeks by sickness in my family, I embraced that opportunity to throw together, tho’ in a desultory manner, the following facts, not only hoping that Providence might make them useful to plain simple-hearted people of all Denominations, for whose information and use they were designed, but also to give a hint to some truly noble and poetical Genius, to treat more at large a subject so important in itself, so well worthy the notice of the kingdom in general, and of our Rulers, both in Church and State, in particular.

After having finished the small rustic performance before you,
A 2 reflecting

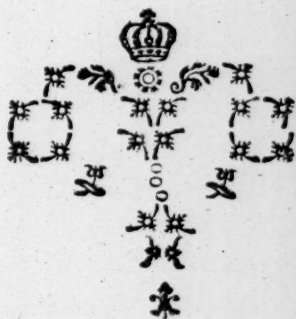
reflecting upon the peculiar situation of Mr. Wesley with respect to his opposers, I determined to give him the first inspection of it in Print.—Truth, founded upon facts, and not Panegyric, being here intended, yet, because, *in this case*, it is impossible to express the former without the appearance of the latter, I determined to cut off all occasion from any who might seek occasion, lest they should say that he had given an Imprimatur to his own praise ; but his total ignorance of it infallibly exculpates him.

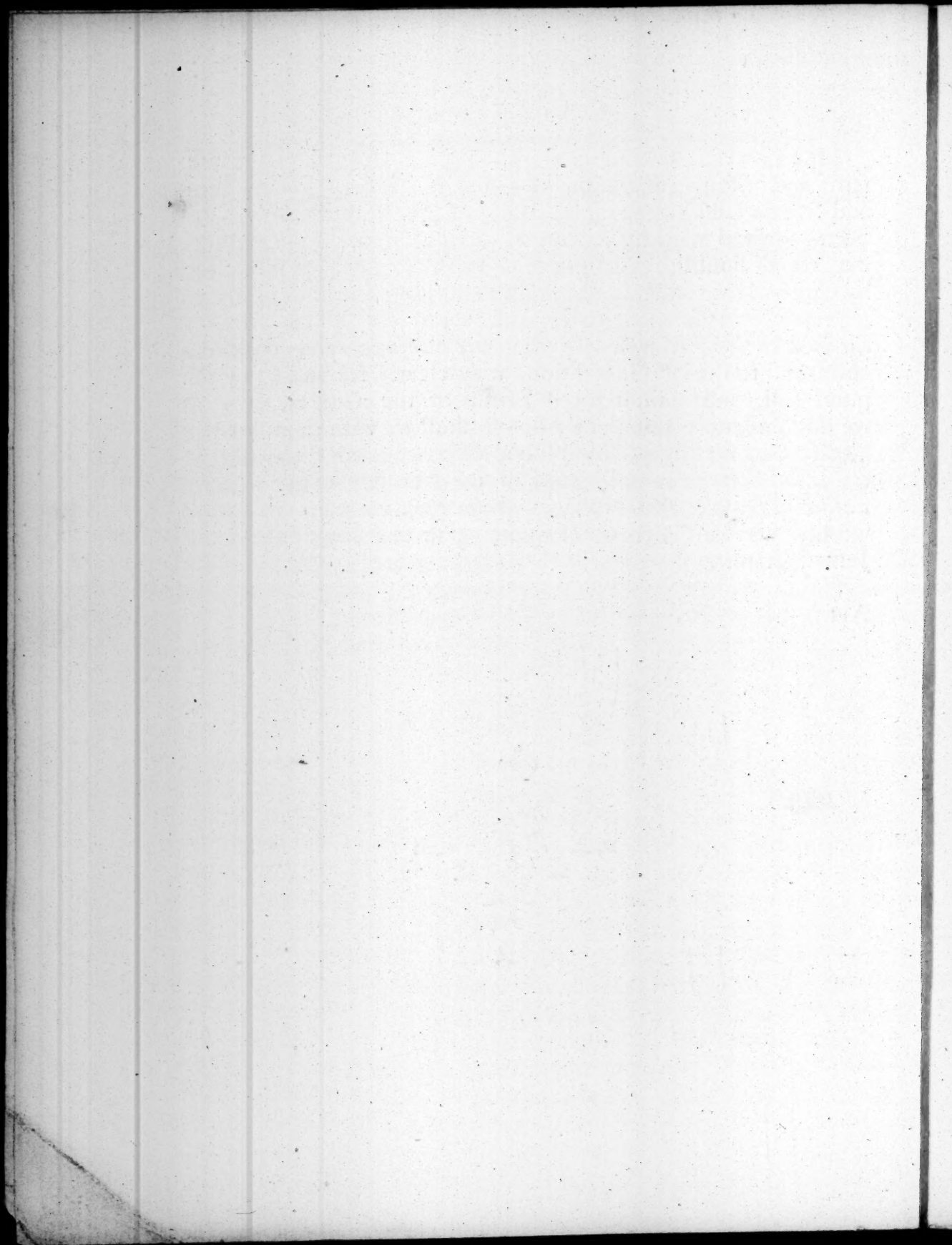
I heartily congratulate you upon the health, strength, and public usefulness, that a singularly kind Providence still confers upon *our common Father*, now near fourscore years of age. You are living Witnessess of his more than *Herculean labours* !—When I consider the number of Sermons he publicly Preaches, the exhortations in his Societies he gives, together with particular advices respecting the souls, bodies, and temporal interests of people—the public ordinances of the Church, and the multitude of sick-beds he attends—the multitude and important Letters he writes, both public and private—the vast number of Books that he writes and publishes in Divinity, Philosophy, History, Physic, &c.—to which I may add his travelling by land 4000 or 5000 miles annually, the whole performed with a constancy insuperable to all difficulties already for 40 years together, tho' frequently attended with the greatest dangers on the one hand, and keenest oppositions on the other—and yet with spirits never sinking, with courage never failing, with zeal never abating—and all, not to amass but trample upon earthly treasures ; not to court but decline worldly honours ; not to the gratification but mortification of the flesh—with eyes ever attentive to God's Glory, the good of immortal souls, and fixed upon the unseen bliss of future worlds—rare and shining example ! not indeed to be equalled, but ought to be at least imitated by every Gospel-Minister, so far as their state and station may admit of.

May

May Heaven continue and extend his usefulness to the present and rising generations——may his Works survive him, and live to bless future ages, and enlighten millions yet unborn——fired with his sentiments, exhortations, and example, may we all double our diligence to work out our own salvation, by God's Grace assisting us; walk as burning and shining lights on earth, endeavouring to fan and spread the flames already kindled in these Kingdoms; that our children, and childrens children, to the last Generation, may clearly see and enjoy the pure, full, and unadulterated Truths of the Gospel, even as we do, and more abundantly——so shall we with them forever glorify God for the present revival of heart-felt Religion, being the immediate or remote fruits of the Ministry of *our common Father in Christ, John Wesley*; whom may we meet in future worlds, and be his crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus! AMEN.

APRIL 2d, 1780.





The M E T H O D I S T.

C A N T O I.

Æ THEREAL flame, divine, refulgent fire,
My simple Muse with sacred warmth inspire;
With light divine the lamp of Reason fill,
Reason, which bows obsequious to Thy will.
Shine heav'nly Sun, thy cheering rays impart,
'Till nature's gloom leaves my benighted heart;
Suggest each thought thy glorious ways to trace,
And tune my soul to sing Redeeming Grace.
The muse assist thy work to celebrate,
The rise, the progress, and the means relate;
Write Truth with sun-beams in each fervid line,
'Till all confess the work I sing is Thine,
Begun, continu'd, by a hand divine. }
Such works will make *despisers wonder still*,*
Yet pious minds with heart-felt comforts fill.
Let bolder Bards old heroes acts relate,
'Those human monsters, bloody tools of fate,
Who fed ambition in the field of Mars,
And waged with mortals dire infernal wars;
From blood and conquest fancied laurels gain'd,
And with tyrannic arms o'er empires reign'd:
Or comic Poets, who, in melting strains,
The powers of Venus sing o'er nymphs and swains,
Each tender passion by their numbers move,
And fan the flame of dire enchanting love;
Such vehicles of vice, such gilded pills,
Inflame youths' passions, and corrupt their wills.

A

*Aðs xiii, ver. 41.

A nobler theme my ardent breast inspires,
 And warms my muse with only sacred fires.
 A christian Hero, and his matchless ways—
 The work of God, and wonders of his grace—
 Wonders by Heav'n perform'd in these our times,
 Supply the subjects for my simple Rhymes.

Most *Rev'rend Sire*, indulge an humble son,
 Who means to sing what God by you has done;
 His boldness pardon, while in rustic verse,
 He seeks your youthful progress to rehearse;
 The clue to follow thro' advancing age,
 Survey God's work, and your's, and Satan's rage, }
 'Till time conducts you to your latest stage.
 This work demands a bolder pen than mine,
 And finer strokes than in these pages shine—
 The highest views which animate my mind
 To sing a work of such a noble kind,
 Are hopes to make some polish'd genius rise
 Equal to Themes which soar above the skies;
 Whose glowing words and sentiments divine
 Make heav'nly truths in heav'nly language shine;
 'Till such shall rise and make these subjects blaze, }
 These lines accept, tho' like a glow-worm's rays,
 Or lamp absorpt in brightest summer days.

What place, what parents gave the Chieftain birth,
 Who late engag'd the Powers of hell and earth,
 In Jesus' cause who dar'd to make a stand,
 And sound his Trumpet thro' our sleeping land?

On *Epworth Town*, in *Haxey's* fertile isle,
 The great REDEEMER cast a gracious smile;
 Which place he mark'd, to give our Hero birth,
 Whose name may vie with greatest names on earth.
 There first his lungs imbib'd the vital air,
 There first his guardian-angels shew'd their care;

And

And drew young **WESLEY** from the burning pile,
As they drew **MOSES** from the floods of **NILE**.

Those watchful Eyes, which at a glance survey
Each moving scene in darkness as in day,
Our Youth beheld amid the flaming dome,
And angels sent to guard him in his room.
Naked thro' flames our hero's mother flies—
Beneath the flaming roof our hero lies—
The fire in vain attempts the son to save,
While flames and burning stairs no access gave.
Ah, rueful scene! the burning beams give way—
The hapless parent kneels him down to pray—
The sleeping child no danger felt or fear'd,
Whose life to save no patent way appear'd!
In that sad moment of despair and dread,
An angel wak'd and rous'd him out of bed:
The 'frighted child quick to the window flew,
And there expos'd himself to public view—
The thoughtful croud their bodies ladders made,
For thro' the flames no mortal wight cou'd wade;
By which smart thought they pluck'd him like a brand,
From raging flames to light a wretched land.
The thankful Rector shed a grateful tear,
And blest'd that God who deign'd his prayers to hear:
Content his house resistless flames destroy,
His fam'ly spar'd, his heart was fill'd with joy.
“ Enough is left” the Rector loudly cried,
“ Since all my children live—tho' all beside,
“ Relentless fires my substance have destroy'd.” }
Near Forty years the pious Rector grac'd
The town of *Epworth*, where his lot was cast—
With mind enrich'd, he, from his useful store,
Diffus'd his knowledge 'mong the simple poor.—

Facetious, sensible, and orthodox,
 His course he steer'd to shun dire Scylla's rocks,
Tb' enthusiastic's wild fanatic cant,
And lawless libertine's bold impious rant.

One God in persons three, he still ador'd,
 Confess'd the Sov'reign Universal LORD.
 He taught good morals, and he practis'd too,
 And his example shew'd men what to do.

Bless'd with a pious partner of his bed,
 Who soon domestic bliss about him shed,
 And num'rous branches round his table spread. }
 Fam'd for œconomy and prudent care, }
 For which by nature she had talents rare, }
 And laid them out with industry and pray'r. }
 Each growing branch they view'd with secret pleasure, }
 Their minds improv'd by ev'ry prudent measure, }
 And richly stor'd them with fair wisdom's treasure. }

Thus virtue, piety, and learning bright,
 In both his parents did their beams unite;
 Bright constellations all their graces were,
 And shone unrivall'd in their narrow sphere.
 Such were his parents—and such were their ways, }
 Equall'd by few, in these degen'rate days, }
 Whose bright example far surpass'd all praise. }
 The tender youth, the Hero of my Song,
 From childish follies was restrained long.
 With prayers and tears his pious mother taught him,
 And under useful discipline she brought him;
 Uncommon sense, uncommon learning too,
 Suggesting always what was best to do.
 His opening mind maternal lessons learn'd,
 The growing youth soon right from wrong discern'd;
 Discern'd his duty, and his duty minded,
 While most by negligence and vice were blinded.

His

His parents jointly each their parts laid out,
 Fell vice to curb, and make fair virtue sprout;
 They taught the branch, while tender, how to bend,
 And shew'd the way to make a happy end:
 Nor was their labour vain—the pliant youth
 His mind soon bent to hear the voice of truth—
 Parental power next to divine he fear'd,
 And each instructive lesson gladly heard.
 His genius brighten'd, and his blooming powers
 Like vernal buds, expanded into flowers:
 Much fruit he promis'd, and much fruit he bore,
At least from Thirty up to near Four-score.

'Till Ten years old he stood so much in awe
 Of God's displeasure, and his parents too;
 Scarce conscious guilt his youthful heart imprest,
 Or vicious passion rul'd within his breast.
 Obedience universal was his care,
 And God's commands to keep his daily prayer, }
 A thing uncommon—like a Phoenix, rare. }
 He understood this was the road to bliss,
 Of which he thought he surely cou'd not miss.
 But yet, alas, the tree was not made good,
 For grace descends not with a parent's blood;
 And virtuous breeding, with instruction too,
 Without the heart is chang'd, will never do.

Hence, when our Hero was at Grammar-school,
 And where, for Seven years he liv'd by rule;
 Yet there, abstracted from his parents' eyes,
 He often felt the sinful passions rise,
 Altho' he pray'd, and scriptures daily read,
 In early morn, and ere he went to bed.—
 Yet still his passions did his peace disturb,
 Tho' daily strove his passions all to curb.

His hopes of bliss then stood supported thus.---

‘ True, he was bad---but others were far worse :

‘ Beside, Religion he a kindness bore,

‘ And still he pray’d, as he had done before---

‘ The public service of the Church attended,

‘ And when he sinn’d was with himself offended,’ }
 Yet sinn’d again before the day was ended.

Mistaken youth! the spider’s subtle line

Affords as firm as good a ground as thine,

On which to found some grand magnific tower,

For both wou’d fail you in the trying hour!

Yet numbers *now* no better grounds can give

For all their sanguine hopes with God to live!

At Seventeen he was to Oxford sent---

On vast improvements there his mind was bent.

That seat of science was his soul’s delight,

Whose depths to found he labour’d day and night.

He search’d the Heathen Sages (not in vain)

Each glowing word and scatter’d truth to glean;

There lib’ral Arts his mind a polish gave,

Yet taught him not the SAVIOUR’S Way to save.

His tow’ring genius, with a NEWTON’S, flew

Of distant worlds and suns to take a view;

This world and others measur’d to a span,

At least as near as other mortals can:

The art of Rhet’ric taught him to persuade,

Of whose fine flowers he vast collections made;

While Logic shew’d him all the Sophist’s art,

And drew those lines which truth from errors part.

He, round the circle of each science flew,

Designing more to know, the more he knew.

Sequester’d from the world’s confused din,

Our Pupil eager drank each science in,

While many youths were ruin’d quite by sin. }

Yet

Yet here his learning did his heart divide,
 While from *the point of bliss* he steer'd aside:
 With pensive mind in sylvan shades he trod,
 A stranger to himself, and to his God.
 In search of Truth his eager soul was bent, }
 Her seat to find in every path he went, }
 And all his time and all his talents spent. }
 As streams to fountains lead, with anxious mind
 He read great Authors, hoping thence to find
 The founts of bliss, and pearls of greatest price,
 Which make the simple to salvation wise.
 Here disappointed, he no pains refus'd, }
 But other means, and other authors us'd, }
 Which oft the unripe genius have confus'd }
 As rivers running from their fountains meet
 With other streams, and then each other greet---
 Attentive view this very diff'rent water
 Occasion'd by the heterogeneous matter,
 Wash'd from the diff'rent soils thro' which they run,
 Which, if you view them in the shining sun,
 Will all appear confus'd, or thick and muddy,
 In various hues, as black or brown or ruddy---
 So diff'rent authors, like this mingl'd water,
 The mind fill up with het'rogenous matter;
 Their diff'rent ideas, and their jarring words,
 Confuse the soul and fill it with discords:
 Among the croud youth knows not what to follow,
 For some are sound, and some unsound and hollow.
 Convinc'd of this, our quick discerning youth
 Wou'd at the fountain drink the streams of truth;
 Henceforth resolv'd this course alone to lead,
 And Scriptures with the antient Fathers, read;
 To read attentive, and with daily care, }
 With much reflection, and with fervent prayer, }
 In hopes to find Truth's hidden Treasures there. }

O happy youth !
 That thus was bent upon the search of Truth !
 Or soon or late her treasures thou shalt know,
 And so will all who in thy footsteps go.
 For who e'er ask'd, or sought, or knock'd in vain,
 And did not saving truth and knowledge gain ?
 A bright example thus our youth display'd,
 To all who wou'd God's *Messengers be made,* }
 Not seeking gain, as others do, by trade.

C A N T O II.

AT Twenty-two, another scene appears ;
 Important scene, for persons at his years !
 His father urg'd him to put on a Gown,
 And CHRIST's Ambassador himself to own.
 Then set apart by th' Bishop's sacred hands,
 The Rev'rend Youth in Holy Orders stands.—
 But few *Oxonians* were like him ordain'd ;
 Few had such learning or such knowledge gain'd :
 What then ? will Learning of itself, alone,
 (Or *Human Knowledge* join'd) fit any one
 For Sacred Orders ? or, if they have gain'd
 Some *Scripture Knowledge*, ere they be ordain'd,
 Are these sufficient with a Bishop's Hand,
 Without, or Grace, or a Divine Command,
 To qualify them for a Work so great,
 When they themselves are not converted yet ?
 'Tis granted, these are useful in their places ;
 But not sufficient in such weighty cases,
 Without God's Call—without Converting Graces. }

From

From these estrang'd our Hero first set out,
 And scarcely knew the Work he was about ;
 A work in which the Sacred Three combine,
 And, call'd by them, both men and angels join ; }
 A work most noble, glorious, and divine,
 By this, poor sinners dead in sin are rais'd—
 The guilty conscience of its guilt is eas'd—
 The captive gains his liberty again—
 And filthy Lepers are made pure and clean—
 Sinners, tho' old, again created new,
 And made like CHRIST, whom late they never knew :
 Their tempers, converse, and their conduct shine,
 And prove the Hand that form'd them is Divine.
 Our Hero's business was GOD's Truth to teach :
 And holiness of heart and life to preach :
 To teach, alas ! as blind men talk of colours—
 As Parrots prate, and call themselves Greek Scholars.
 For, natural men no saving knowledge have
 'Till they have felt the SAVIOUR's Power to save :
 'Tis true, some knowledge in their brains may float,
 But without Grace, 'tis scarcely worth a groat.
 How can the graceless ever preach of grace ? }
 How can the blind behold the SAVIOUR's face ?
 Or, how can cripples run the Christian race ?
 How can the dumb proclaim the joyful sound ?
 Or how free others who themselves are bound ?
 Can blind men point the proper way to Heav'n ?
 Or save from Hell, where they themselves are driv'n ?
 Or how can knowledge, which the knowing have,
 Save others souls ?—their own it cannot save.
 Knowledge and Learning without Grace are vain,
 And so are Gifts, 'till men are born again.

Know-

Knowledge and Learning, and all gifts beside,
 May please Mankind, and nourish human pride ;
 Or useful prove, if duly occupied. }

Our *Reverend Youth* these truths soon understood,
 And strove *himself* and *others* to make good ;
 But how real goodness was to be obtain'd,
 As yet, no saving knowledge he had gain'd.
 He knew Religion did erect her Throne
 In human hearts, and there she reign'd alone, }
 And pull'd each vile usurping Demon down. }

Convinc'd he was, Creation could not give
 That bliss to man for which alone we live,
 But from the Skies, like manna must descend,
 The soul to feed, and sins and sufferings end.

In weary thought with fasting and with prayer,
 He daily walk'd with anxious fear and care,
 Lest he should run and strive, yet strive in vain
 Th' immortal prize of happiness to gain.
 As CHRIST commanded, he to Prisons went—
 To save poor Felons was his grand intent :
 If like the Thief they at the last might prove,
 The God of Heav'n, a God of pard'ning love.
 Among the poor with lib'ral hand he spread,
 His utmost farthing to procure them bread :
 The humble Cot, where pain or sickness dwelt,
 The daily yearnings of his bowels felt,
 Their sorrows sooth'd with sympathizing care,
 By feeding, clothing, counsel, and by prayer.

The *Sacrament* he once a week receiv'd,
 And for all follies known or unknown griev'd :
 He strove, but strove, alas, he found in vain,
 The heights, and depths of holiness to gain,
 A bright example he to others set,
 Altho' to Jesus quite a stranger yet.

Disatisfy'd

Dissatisfy'd, yet scarce knew what he wanted,
 His heart, an aching void, for something panted ;
 But who the Secret could to him reveal ?
 Or who the workings of his mind cou'd tell ?
 In Fellowship a few with him united,
 The sacred Code to search as God indited ;
 In GOD's own language, GOD's own word they read,
 Imbibing Truth, from Truth's great Fountain-head.
 This sacred book was now his chief delight,
 In which he meditated day and night—
 In *Greek* and *Hebrew* studying close with prayer,
 GOD's Mind to fathom as 'tis written there.
 From GOD's own Drawings he his Patterns took,
 And hence became *a man of but one book* :
 Doctrines inspir'd, he here drank sweetly in,
 And found the SAVIOUR *saves his own from sin*.

As in a Mirror, now he clearly saw,
 The dazz'ling brightness of GOD's holy Law—
 Bright Transcript of his Image, pure, divine,
 Which calls for holiness in every line :
 For holiness he look'd, within, without him,
 But holiness he found no where about him—
 The more he search'd, the less of this he found,
 At length he fear'd 'twas *buried under ground*.
 ' Christians ! *Bible-christians* ! he often cry'd,
 ' I doubt they all with our fore-fathers died—
 ' And *Perfect Love*, where glows that sacred fire,
 ' The flames of which all hallow'd breasts inspire !
 ' The Scriptures name it, yet almost in vain—
 ' 'Tis sure forgot among the sons of men !
 ' That glorious light above the skies is fled, }
 ' Or if on earth, 'tis under bushels laid ; }
 ' Or never was ; or buried with the dead ! }

' The precious pearl, the Evangelic mind,
 ' Where shall I go the Phoenix rare to find ?
 ' Or where the man who knows his sins forgiven,
 ' The man whose mind enjoys an inward Heaven,
 ' Where perfect peace, and righteousness, and joy,
 ' Bear Rule within, and every sin destroy ?
 ' Ye various Sects, where do those Christians live,
 ' Whose just Portrait the sacred Pages give ?

He Cities, Colleges, and Courts survey'd—
 But Colleges and Courts few Christians made—
 He judg'd the Rural Cot might such afford,
 As with a perfect heart did love the Lord :
 In rural walks he wander'd long to find,
 The man who had a truly CHRIST-like mind,
 Who fear'd not death in any shape or kind. }

In all his search he found but very few,
 Who in their hearts the friend of sinners knew :
 And none who bore a Testimony clear,
The SAVIOUR saves from Sin his people here.

And thus, indeed, through various scenes of life,
 He fought and strove with unavailing strife,
 Determin'd not to rest till he cou'd find,
 An Ark to fix his vast unsettled mind.
 On Contemplation's wing he strove to soar,
 Where *Law* and *Fenelon* had gone before :
 By mental prayer, and other means he strove,
 T' unite himself to GOD in perfect love :
 Experience taught him this attempt was vain,
 For yet he felt not one corruption slain.

He fasted, watched, wept, and sigh'd within,
 To free himself from every inbred sin :
 Each Mean of Grace with conscious care did use,
 Nor Grace receiv'd did willingly abuse ;

What

What could be more ? he did what in him lay,
O'er Satan, Self, and Sin to gain the day.

When he this course had steer'd for many years,
Grim Death's appearance fill'd his mind with fears,
At which, surpriz'd, he melted into Tears. }

Perhaps the Moralist with eager mind
Enquires what made *his* heart such terror find ?
What made such Virtue dread the power of death ?
Because he ne'er had felt the power of Faith.

' Then was he not an hypocrite within,
' Or secret nurs'd some fav'rite bosom-sin ?'

So far from that, like simple-hearted Saul
Before conversion he gave God his all.

' If he was *upright* he was good enough :

' To say he wanted Faith, is only stuff !'

' What Faith could he want who in God believ'd, }

' And all the Doctrines of the Church received, }

' Nor yet by wilful sin God's spirit griev'd ?'

In those dark days he thought as you think now,

A better man to be he knew not how ;

Till sore affliction shook his earthly frame,

He fear'd no terrors, and he felt no shame :

He did so much, and liv'd a life so good, }

He really thought he in God's favour stood, }

Tho' yet a stranger to the SAVIOUR's blood. }

How blind is man, 'till Jesus gives him sight !

How dark the world without the Gospel light !

Till *inspiration* lights dark Reason's Eye,

The things of God, Reason can never spy :

Conscience itself a partial verdict gives,

And thus ten thousand Pharisees deceives.

Such was his case, and such ten thousand more,

Who rich in self, feel not a spirit poor.

In vain can Man his heart and hands wash clean ;
 When he's the height of self-perfection seen,
 His God pronounces him, *unclean ! unclean !* }

C A N T O III.

THUS stood his case when first he took in hand,
 To preach the Gospel in a Foreign Land.—
 Prompted by views most pure and worthy praise,
 Not seeking honour, pleasure, wealth, or ease, }
 But his own soul to save, and God alone to please. }
 Mov'd by soft pity, and inflam'd with zeal,
 He all the meltings of a Friend did feel, }
 For men whose Consciences were cas'd with steel. }
 He dar'd the dangers of the wat'ry deep,
 With views to rouse the Indians out of sleep :
 The Infant Colonies to nurse and teach,
 And all those Truths he felt or knew to Preach.
 The Indian Nations in sad plight did lay,
 Involv'd in Darkness and to Hell a prey ; }
 They ate and drank, and smok'd their time away. }
 Their lives are savage, and their hearts are stone---
 If babes they murder, yet they make no moan :
 If Captives burn, or feed upon the slain,
 They never feel a sympathetic pain.
 Without or God, or CHRIST, or Hope they live,
 And injur'd once they know not to forgive.
 With manners brutal, and with passions wild,
 With callous hearts, and consciences defil'd,

To sense enslav'd, and ignorant of heaven,
 They see no need, nor seek to be forgiven :
 In Satan's Arms and sins embrace they lie,
 If pleas'd they live, they care not how they die :
 They seek no heav'n, and they fear no hell,
 Their only heav'n is eating, drinking, we l.
 Their Gods are Devils, and their Worship's vain---
 Such was their case, and such doth still remain.
 There Satan rules, and keeps his slaves in chains,
 O'er nations vast an usurp'd power maintains,
 Whose willing Vassals do what he ordains. }

When shall that happy period once appear,
 When all the earth the God of heav'n shall fear !
 When ev'ry nation chain'd by hellish power,
 [Which all Mankind endeavours to devour]
 God's quick'ning voice shall hear the joyful sound,
 Which saves the lost, and heals Man's mortal wound !
 Arm of the Lord, awake, arise, go forth,
 From East to West, and thence from South to North,
 Display thy Banners, let the Nations see
 Thy glorious Ensigns, and return to Thee.
 Wide o'er the Earth thy Arms of mercy spread ;
 On ev'ry land thy gracious spirit shed :
 Where sin abounded, there let grace abound,
 And Jesu's Name thro' all the Earth resound,
 And shout all heav'n *the dead's alive, the lost is found !* }

Determin'd now the Missionary stands,
 To combat dangers in dark foreign lands,
 His ease, his pleasure, and his friends forego,
 The Seeds of grace in barren lands to sow,
 And teach the Heathen their chief good to know. }
 Inspir'd with hope, his native lands he leaves, }
 And, with himself, his friends to God he gives, }
 That God to whom by Land or Sea he lives. } Launch'd

Launch'd on the Deep they cut the liquid wave,
 Yet soon were threaten'd with a wat'ry-grave :
 Most furious tempests met them on the main,
 From whose fierce blasts they cou'd no harbour gain.
 The heaving Billows toss them to the skies---
 They sink in vallies, then o'er mountains rise—
 The swelling Surge upheav'd the driving ship,
 Which danc'd on waves as lambs on mountains skip.
 Aghast they look'd—death sat in ev'ry face,
 Which made the graceless cry to God for grace.
 In this sad moment, see a little flock,
 Unaw'd by danger, calm as on a rock :
 Serene they sat, and sang Redeeming love,
 Nor storm within, nor storm without did move, }
 Their anchor and their hearts were fix'd above. }
 Alike to them or soon or late they died, }
 They shelter'd were in Jesu's bleeding side, }
 On whose sole power and love their souls relied. }

As contraries more striking far appear,
 When they in view are plac'd together near :
 So here the sinner and the faint were seen
 In state quite diff'rent, with a Gulph between.
 The Tempest plac'd them in full opposition,
 Till blind men saw their different condition.
 But if a Tempest cou'd this difference show,
 And point who did and did not Jesus know,
 How will the *Judgment* mark their different cases,
 When each are doom'd to their respective places ?
 When burning lakes torment the cursed crew,—
 While saints on azure thrones are plac'd in view, }
 With Nectar and Ambrosia fed for ever new ? }

Our Rev'rend Youth with great surprise had seen
 Among the *Germans* quite a simple mien---

He mark'd their meek and humble state of mind,
 In sufferings patient, and to God resign'd—
 Serious, sedate, mild, tranquil, loving, pure,
 Upon the stretch to make their calling sure—
 Virtue sat painted with each heav'nly Grace,
 And shew'd her beauties in both heart and face,
 While all with ardour ran the heav'nly Race !

The storm abated, and their fears allay'd,
 He ask'd a German, *Was you not afraid?*
 With look serene, with heart sincere and free,
 He answer'd, 'CHRIST Our Saviour is, and he

' Our precious souls does to the utmost save,
 ' Which makes us fearless of a wat'ry grave.---
 ' Our Women know thro' faith, their sins forgiv'n,
 ' Our Children feel a sure foretaste of heav'n :
 ' Death in most dreadful forms we meet with joy,
 ' He may our bodies, not our souls destroy :
 ' Yea, from our heads a hair can never fall,
 ' Unless permitted by the Lord of all.'

He silent heard, but inward thought with rapture,
 ' This, *this* is that my soul hath long sought after :
 ' To know by faith, and feel my sins forgiven,
 ' That prelibation of a future heaven !'
 Determin'd hence this blessing to pursue,
 Nor ever rest till made a creature new.---

With eager eye they first the land espied,
 And soon in safety did at anchor ride
 In *Savan' River*, where the beauteous shore,
 Display'd such scenes he'd never seen before.
 The depth of Winter look'd like blooming Spring—
 While waving Pines along the Cliffs did hing—
 And Aerial Songsters sweetest notes employ'd,
 As if to see them they were over-joy'd,

While

While yet on board, a German catechis'd him,
And with these questions very much surpris'd him :

“ Have you God's spirit as a witness given

“ That you're converted, and an heir of heav'n ?

“ Do you Yourself, and Your dear SAVIOUR know ?

“ Has He sav'd *you*, and set his Seal thereto ?”

To these enquiries he small answers gave,

Not knowing yet the SAVIOUR's power to save ;

Such sweet experience he had never found,

Tho' short of this all else is empty found.

When safe on shore, they thankful went to prayers,

And on kind Providence cast all their cares :

Invok'd his blessings on their future ways,

And jointly sang their great deliverer's praise.

The *Georgian Indians* then no time cou'd find

To cultivate an hostile savage mind,

For waging bloody war ; the sweets of peace,

And all the blessings of Redeeming Grace,

Among those cruel Clans cou'd find no place. }

Weak Man may purpose, but 'tis God disposes,

And sends his Servants as he once sent MOSES—

In vain do Missionaries cross the Seas,

To wake the Heathen sunk in carnal ease,

Unless kind Heav'n the Special Message sends,

And from the heart the Vail of darkness rends---

The best concerted plans can do no good,

As from God's Word is clearly understood.

Our Hero therefore cross'd the Seas in vain,

Among those Wilds he could not entrance gain.

No pains he spar'd, no methods left untry'd,

Which wisdom taught, or prudence justified.

The sylvan lawns and marshy grounds he trod,

Lost sheep to seek, and bring them home to God :

With

With weary steps, both hunger-bit, and cold,
 He daily sought to bring them to CHRIST's fold.
 The Savage herds in wanton sport and play,
 Or fighting, hunting, past their time away ;
 And Christian Colonies from England sent,
 Were on their profits, or their pleasures bent :
 No ear, no heart, they to his message gave,
 So that he sought in vain their Souls to save.

Yet here he hop'd his fav'rite wish to gain,
 A wish by Wise-men mostly judged vain ;
From human converse to retire from life,
Free from the busy world, from noise and strife,
In sweet retirement pass his time away,
And only live to read and think and pray.
 But God, whose Providence marks all our ways,
 And at a glance surveys our future days,
 His aims defeated, and his schemes o'erthrew,
 And plann'd him such as then no mortals knew.

When disappointed in his holy aim,
 Of making *Indians* know the SAVIOUR's name,
 The new World he left, and back to Britain came.— }
 With mind expanded, full of thought and care,
 He oft reflected ere he landed here —

‘ I went abroad the *Indians* to convert,
 ‘ And in that Work each Talent to exert,
 ‘ While yet, alas, myself unchang'd I find,
 ‘ Nor yet enjoy a truly CHRIST-like mind—
 ‘ An evil heart of unbelief prevails,
 ‘ And all my hopes with guilty fear assails :
 ‘ Virtue in me is like a Summer day—
 ‘ No danger near, I tranquil am and gay ;
 ‘ But when pale death before my face appears,
 ‘ He sinks my courage, and alarms my fears.

D

Ah

- ‘ Ah who, I cry, who can my soul convert ?
- ‘ Or who can save me from Death’s poison’d dart ?
- ‘ Or who can give the new believing heart ?
- ‘ Why wander thus as in a Wilderness ?
- ‘ Why leave my all, and nothing now possess ?
- ‘ If death thus always dreadful seem to be,
- ‘ How can it prove *the greatest gain to me ?*
- ‘ What shall I do ? where shall I fly to shun
- ‘ These tort’ring fears ? I feel a Hell begun
- ‘ Within my breast ; *who can deliver me ?*
- ‘ Will thinking, or not thinking set me free ?
- ‘ The Wise advis’d, *be still nor onward go :*
- ‘ Perhaps ’tis best for me to shun this foe—
- ‘ To face about, and in my duty run,
- ‘ ’Til God has finish’d what he first begun.’

Resolv’d on this, he without ceasing prays,
 That God would guide him all his future days,
 And fill his soul with humble love and praise.
 Attend my Muse, a weighty Truth to hear,
 A Truth which Pharisees can scarcely bear,
 But deem it folly, or a Madman’s dream,
 Altho the fact was verified in him.
 Antient and Modern Tongues he understood,
 And search’d each Science to cull out what’s good :
 His *all* in Alms, he to the needy gave,
 And sought withal their precious souls to save.
 He labour’d more abundantly than all,
 And for his pattern took the great Saint *Paul*.
 He gave his body to the wat’ry deep,
 To parch with heat, and shrink for want of sleep :
 Resign’d to *suffer* all his God shou’d send,
 Could he but save an Enemy or Friend.
 But after all, he seriously does cry,
 ‘ *It cannot be all this should justify :*

‘ *Not*

' Not all I know, or say, or give, or do,
 ' Nor all for other's good I suffer too :
 ' Yea, tho' I constant use each mean of grace,
 ' And blameless am in moral Righteousness ;
 ' Tho' of myself I nothing know that's vile,
 ' Yet am no genuine Christian all the while :
 ' Yea tho' reveal'd Religion I believe,
 ' Whose Truths a rational Conviction give ;
 ' Those very Truths condemn all Works as dross,
 ' And, CHRIST to win are justly counted loss.'

In Foreign Lands these Lessons then he learn'd,
 The truth of which he ne'er before discern'd—

' That man by Nature is an heir of hell,
 ' Nor yet himself can save by living well :
 ' That all our fruit grows on an evil Tree,
 ' Nor can be good till we converted be.
 ' He found good works can no atonement make,
 ' As man is sav'd alone for JESU's sake :
 ' Nor in nor of himself he ought could plead,
 ' For his *best works did an atonement need* :
 ' No hope he found but in a SAVIOUR's blood,
 ' Which now, as clear as day, he understood,
 ' Alone cou'd save him from deserved wrath,
 ' When apprehended by *true saving Faith*.
 ' This faith itself he found he had not yet,
 ' Nor did he know how he this faith should get.
 ' *A sort of Faith* in Hell itself may live,
 ' For spirits damn'd both *tremble and believe* :
 ' The Faith he wanted was a Faith divine,
 ' Which makes the SAVIOUR and his merits *mine* ;
 ' By which our souls accepted are of God,
 ' And freely justified by JESU's blood :
 ' A faith that frees the soul from guilty fear,
 ' *And saves GOD's people from all sin while here,*

' By

, By this the soul with CHRIST is crucified ;
 , As He *for* sin, so it *to* sin hath died,
 , And o'er the world and hell doth now in Triumph ride.' }
 This faith he had not, but he earnest fought it,
 Till God by grace within him clearly wrought it ;
 For God alone this living faith can give,
 By which alone a soul to God can live.

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C A N T O IV.

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RETURN'D to Britain, with an active zeal,
 He fought these blessings in himself to *feel* :
 His vig'rous soul with lively warmth pursu'd
 The heav'nly prize, and all his vows renew'd.
 In paths of goodness he unweary'd trod,
 And gave himself to do the will of God ;
 More strict than ever in his conversation,
 He strove thro' grace to work out his salvation.
 Abstemious, serious, self-denied, and zealous,
 And o'er his Conscience and his conduct jealous,
 Lest sin's deceitfulness should him deceive,
 Or he by trifling shou'd God's spirit grieve.

With God he wrestled, Jacob-like, in prayer,
 And o'er himself kept watch with strictest care ;
 His words he weigh'd, his actions measur'd still
 By God's own Rule, his pure revealed will, }
 All which he strove most strictly to fulfil.
 His eye was single, and his heart was free
 From worldly views and sordid vanity ;

From

From God, he knew, his all he did receive ;
 To God, he knew, his all he ought to give ;
 Time, talents, health, strength, learning, life, and limb,
 Henceforth he purpos'd to devote to Him.

Nor did he solely purpose, but began,
 Resolv'd to copy the APOSTLE's plan—
Spend and be spent in his great Master's cause,
 Nor covet Livings granted by the Laws.

A Churchman zealous he was educated,
 And for the Church his zeal ne'er once abated :
 The Church he thought maintain'd the Gospel-Truth—
 This he was taught e'en from his early youth :
 And as himself in years and reason grew,
 Was more confirm'd therein the more he knew.

The Church by Law is fasten'd to the Crown,
 Who pulls the one may pull the other down :
 Yet tho' her Hier'chy thus firmly stands,
 She still may fall by her own childrens' hands.—
 A wordly spirit is the bane of grace :
 When this invades the sacred chosen race,
 Churchman, Dissenter, or whatever name
 Professors bear, it soon o'erthrows the same,
Formal Professors only cumber ground,
 On such no saving fruits of grace are found ;
 But GOD rejects them, as he did the Jews,
 Because His means and mercies they abuse,
 And chuses such as will their Talents use. }

A People God will have (as Poets feign
 Of Phœnix ashes which revive again);
 If one church falls, another he will raise
 To shew his goodness, and to sing his praise.
 The Gates of Hell, CHRIST's Church can ne'er o'ercome,
 For as one dies,—one rises in her room.

The

The Golden Candlesticks their *places* change,
 And o'er the world in diff'rent nations range ;
 Yet still some place beneath the skies will find,
 Tho' never always to one people join'd.
 The shining Sun throughout the fleeting year,
 The Globe around with equal light doth chear,
 Tho' round the Poles he does but once appear. }
 From East to West, in history we find
 From ancient days, have travel'd with mankind.
 Religion, Liberty, and Science too,
 And still, perhaps, may wander to and fro.†
 Chaldea, Egypt, and the holy Land,
 Both Greece, and Rome, and Arab's desert sand,
 These each by turns the Seats of Science were, }
 Long ere they reach'd our western hemisphere,
 Yet *now*, what darkness gross, and superstition's there ! }
 Shall it seem strange then in the ways of heaven,
 If *in succession* all those Gifts are giv'n
 To diff'rent people, plac'd in diff'rent climes,
 As suits Him best who rules th' appointed Times ?
 Suppose the Gospel in One Land appears,
 And in One Church, perhaps some hundred years,
 If she backslides, and worldly Pomp and Pride
 Corrode her vitals---and be fall'n beside
 In Practice, Discipline, and Doctrines too,
 The Scriptures say what God with such will do.
 If from her Ruins God should others raise,
 Whose love and zeal may for a season blaze,
 If like the Clouds their virtues fly away, }
 Or fading flowers that rapidly decay,
 The Lord will leave them in that dreadful day.
 If in succession, like each blooming spring
 Succeeding winter, God shou'd others bring

Their

Their place to fill, who for a time may shine
 In grace resplendent, glorious and divine ;
 Can we suppose these always pure will prove,
 In Doctrine, Discipline, and heavenly love ?
 Say Muse, in fact, was ever this the case
 Throughout the World, in any age or place ?
 These things consider'd, plain it does appear,
 Our virtuous Hero had some cause to fear,
 His Mother-Church, tho' firm by Law she stands,
 Might yet be fall'n throughout these sinful Lands.
 The Church of England, and each Sect beside, }
 Were fall'n from grace thro' Luciferian Pride,
 Which spread o'er Britain like the flowing Tide. }
 'Tis true, we Protestants were call'd, what then ?
 Vicious our lives---our hearts not born again :
 We *Rome* had left---yet still our sins retain'd :
 Our Freedom got---but with our vices chain'd.
 Blest with a just, tho' partial Reformation---
 Yet still, alas ! neglected our Salvation.
 Were not our altars stain'd with carnal hands ?
 Were not our Clergy fall'n throughout these lands ?
 Or swoll'n with Pride, or sunk in sordid vice,
 With Pleasures mad, or drunk with Avarice ?
 Or if a few were from these Vices free,
 And secret mourn'd such rueful scenes to see ;
 Who dar'd the current of the Tide to stop,
 And for a falling church point out a prop ?

When numbers left her, making strong objections,
 From Priests and Prayer-books taking their exceptions,
Quakers, and *Baptists*, *Presbyterians* too,
 And *Independents*, truly not a few,
 With scrup'lous conscience from her thresholds flew. }
 Their Reasons *why they left her*, right or wrong,
 For me to say by no means does belong ;

For

For all may judge with private judgment free,—
As GOD hath left all men that liberty.

Our Rev'rend Sire with grief and great vexation,
Beheld the Church established in the nation.—
Nurs'd in her bosom—to her Altars led—
And from his Childhood with her milk was fed.
His Mother dear he own'd her from his Youth,
Esteem'd the pillar and the ground of Truth—
Yet now, alas, with aching heart he saw
His Brethren break and trample on GOD's law ;
In pomp and pride and learned ostentation,
Most spent an useless life and conversation :
Each from his quarter, greedy, seeking gain, }
A course too common, tho' a course too vain, }
Which CHRIST for Clergy never did ordain.

Most members wicked—discipline neglected—
And from her *Rostrums* greatest truths ejected !
A Reformation she too plainly wanted,
For which his Soul with ardour daily panted :
He wept in secret to behold her woe,
So few within her Pales did JESUS know.

He saw with horror and warm indignation,
The greatest doctrines of the Reformation,
Doctrines subscrib'd by all who were ordain'd,
By most rejected when that point was gain'd,
Articles, Homilies, and Liturgies,
Declare that man a fallen creature is ;
Point out his rise by JESUS CHRIST alone,
Whose blood for all the world did once atone.
That man is justified *alone by faith*,
Clearly the Church with holy Scriptures saith :
That works avail not while unjustified,
Or spring from nature, or proceed from pride.

These

These, and such Principles as these, he found
 The Clergy to receive themselves had bound
 By solemn Oath, as Orthodox and sound.
 Now his Experience with these Truths agreed,
 Truths which alone poor hungry souls can feed,
 Of which he saw all England stood in need.
 For, oh ! what darkness did the Nation cover !
 What floods of Vice delug'd the Nation over !
 When God in mercy did this work begin,
 The Kingdom groan'd beneath the People's sin.

And thus of old when Pop'ry had o'erspread,
 The western world and *made a God of bread*,—
 Involv'd in darkness all our hemisphere,
 And Europe stript of Liberty most dear ;
 Confining conscience and the conduct too,
 Prescribing Rules for men *to think and do* :
 While Popes and Priests, and Councils led the way,
 To Angels, Saints, and Images to pray :
 In Errors sunk, plung'd in primæval night,
 With scarce one cheering ray of Gospel-light :
 Then did the LORD his glorious Champions raise,
 As he again hath done in these our days,
 To sound his Gospel, and to sing his praise.

Our first *Reformers*, these bold sons of Thunder,
 At once instruct us and excite our wonder :
 They shook Hell's pillars by their powerful word,
 Confest the Saints and Servants of the LORD !
 Yet, made Rome's Pontiff tremble in his Chair,
 And plainly prov'd great *Antichrist sat there*.

And say, were not these lands of heavenly light,
 Again immerst in fable shades of night ?
 While reason boasted her superior sway,
 Had she not banish'd Gospel-truths away ?

While Science bloom'd, and lib'ral Arts improv'd,
 And fancy o'er the fields of Nature rov'd,
 While nat'ral knowledge to perfection grew,
 How few once thought of being *born anew*?

Yes, *born again*, or of the *spirit born*,
 Or blifs ne'er enter, as the LORD hath sworn.

Was it not time for GOD his arm to bare,
 When vice with virtue wag'd an open war?
 When Infidelity in Triumph rode,
 And traml'd down revealed Truths of GOD?
 When human merit reign'd on JESU's throne,
 And made man's virtue for his vice atone?
 Proclaim'd that man his sinful self might save,
 Tho' bound in chains, and Satan's lawful slave?
 Was it not time for GOD t' exalt his grace,
 When sinful nature had usurp'd her place?

- ' When human power, tho' perfect weakness found,
- ' Was deem'd sufficient to heal nature's wound?
- ' That inspiration in this latter day,
- ' Is gross deceit, what only madmen say?
- ' That human dignity and power is such,
- ' He needs no grace, or that he needs not much?
- ' If nat'ral men but only do their best,
- ' They need not fear, for CHRIST will do the rest:
- ' If our good deeds will not our bad out-weigh,
- ' Why shou'd we fear, the scale will turn right way?
- ' Sincerity is all, when man's sincere,
- ' He's sure of heav'n, as if already there.
- ' Why over-righteous be, why over-wise?
- ' 'Tis bad, like too much light for tender eyes.'

These were the common doctrines of that day,
 Doctrines subversive of what CHRIST did say:
 'Tis true, a heathen school they well might suit,
 Where human nature stood in sole repute:

But where the SAVIOUR you would magnify,
There human nature in the dust must lie.

Thus oft of old when Isra'l did backslide,
And from his GOD sunk like the ebbing tide ;
If he return'd, as tides flow into shore,
And did his follies and his sins deplore :
His GOD return'd, and with a powerful hand,
Repuls'd his foes, and sav'd a sinking land.
And *now* our GOD his gracious spirit pours,
Like morning dew or soft refreshing showers,
Like light in darkness, or like balm in wounds,
While through our land the Gospel-Trumpet sounds.

C A N T O V.

COMMISSION'D from on high, his soul on flame,
Our Hero stands and shouts his Master's fame ;
Attempts to all the world to testify,
That CHRIST his LORD for all the world did die.
In London first, and in the Churches oft,
In moving strains he rais'd his voice aloft,
Divinely sent, and fraught with heav'nly grace,
He prov'd himself a Messenger of peace.
His message thus in his great Master's name,
He warmly told to all the crouds that came—
' Ye mortals fall'n, in sin conceiv'd and born,
' In this your gracious day to JESUS turn :

' Nor longer God's most gracious spirit grieve, }
 ' Who waits this moment all his grace to give, }
 ' Awake, arise, repent, believe, and live ! }
 ' Why will you die, the glorious SAVIOUR cries ?
 ' And then to save you down from Heav'n he flies :
 ' Pays down his life a ransom price for all,
 ' To rescue man from ruin by the fall.
 ' Listen, O listen to his dying groans !
 ' *For you, for you* his precious blood atones !
 ' *He died for all*—sinners ! he died for *thee*,
 ' From Satan, Sin, and Hell to set thee free !
 ' Are you in love with sin, with death, and hell !
 ' But will you love in endless flames to dwell !
 ' Be wise in time, your sins this moment leave ;
 ' Who knows but God this moment may forgive ?
 ' So shall you *know and feel* your sins forgiv'n,
 ' And perfected in love, ascend to heaven.—

The list'ning crouds with wonder lent an ear,
 Surpris'd such tidings in the Church to hear :
 Eager they catch the soul reviving word,
 Repent, reform, and trust upon the LORD !
 Crouds upon crouds they multiplied each day,
 The word to hear, and learn themselves to pray, }
 And Truth imbibe, as earth the solar ray, }
 The Churches soon the Crouds could scarce contain,
 While loud he cry'd, " Ye must be born again."
 This last position was not well receiv'd—
 While some admitted, others disbeliev'd :
 A few the glorious truth within them prov'd,
 And lov'd the SAVIOUR, being first believ'd.
 The Vulgar throng avow'd this Doctrine *new* ; }
 The learned Dons averr'd it was not true ; }
 And others mock'd, and from the sound withdrew. }

The carnal Clergy took the alarm, and said
 ‘ The pressing multitudes fill’d them with dread,
 ‘ For fear the Church shou’d fall about their head.’ }

These soon declar’d he shou’d preach there no more,
 And all combin’d to shut him out of door.

Excluded thence from Church and Pulpit too,
 He cast about to think what he shou’d do.—

Himself converted, and his soul on fire,
 He freely preach’d, nor sought lucrative hire :
 His God to please and precious souls to save,
 To all his Sermons life and vigour gave.

The Holy Ghost had mov’d his mind to Preach,
 And Bishop’s hands had mark’d him out to Teach,
 And woe unto him if he did not go :

But whither shou’d he ? this he did not know.

Why was he brought to this dilemma, say,
 What were the crimes they to his charge did lay ?

The only crimes his Brethren ever prov’d,

He labour’d more, and he was more belov’d.

From Church excluded—tho’ his call seem’d there,

And that her good kind Heaven meant is clear ;

For her he rais’d, and sent this son of thunder,
 To rouse her Priests, and fill the Land with wonder.

‘ But where there not among Dissenters place,
 ‘ For him to preach his doctrines of free grace ?’

Perhaps there might ; but WHITEFIELD was the man,
 Whose ways and doctrines suited best their plan.

Chiefly to them kind Heav’n his message sent,

And for their good his useful life he spent, }

‘ Tho’ cry’d to all of every sect, *repent !*

But WESLEY neither in his thoughts or ways,

Agreed with Calvinists in all his days ;

Yet Providence who best knows what’s in man,

And every heart and every act doth scan,

Dispens’d

Dispens'd to each their several Talents rare,
 Who laid them out with constancy and care,
 And such for Britain's good, as calculated were. }
 Wise WESLEY's Province then appears to me,
 Within the Church of England's pales to be :
 That this Reformer might the Church restore,
 To greater purity than ere before, }
 Although, ingrate ! she shut him out of door.
 But tho' the Church her loving son disown'd,
 Her good he sought, and God his labours crown'd ;
 Witness the numbers who her Altars throng,
 And yet to his Societies belong,
 From whom he ne'er would make a separation,
 As many thousands know throughout the nation, }
 Tho' oft excited by each rank and station.

WESLEY and WHITEFIELD were much blest indeed. }
 And both Dissenting and Church lambs did feed,
 And dealt to both what each one stood in need. }
 Thousands soon prov'd them Messengers of Heav'n,
 Whose souls were Seals to their Commissions given.

But say, when their own Church her sons refus'd, }
 And all their efforts for her good abus'd,
 What proper methods then by them were us'd ? }
 The Church dismiss'd them, but the Fields were free,
 In this blest land of glorious liberty.

That *Fields were Consecrated* long ago,
 All must confess who do their Bibles know :
 Mountains and shores, mens' houses, and high-ways,
 The wilderness, and ships in antient days,
 Were all devoted by our Bishop great,
 And us'd for God like Moses' hallowed Seat,
 Thus CHRIST ordain'd, and there his servants sent,
 There CHRIST himself, and his APOSTLES went,

The Gospel preach'd to all the list'ning poor,
 Who gladly heard, although *without the door*.
 What then should hinder but in this our day,
 In fields or houses men may preach or pray?
 Who can object when we such Patterns have?
 Who can deny they such examples gave?
 " *But 'tis irregular,*" they often cry;
 And who the charge will offer to deny?
 'Tis granted; and what then? what will it prove?
That CHRIST himself irregular did rove;
 Thus his APOSTLES fought the wand'ring sheep;
 And why condemn such who their footsteps keep?
 Are there not thousands of the looser sort,
 Who ne'er, or seldom to the Church resort,
 Who yet to hear a Sermon in a Field,
 Their graceless stubborn ears will often yield?
 Prompt by a curious or an itching ear,
 The sacred truths they out of doors will hear,
 And learn their Maker both to love and fear. }
 In fact, with thousands this has been the case,
 Who ne'er before, at any time or place
 Attended worship, yet in fields have found
 What they ne'er sought in consecrated ground.
 All ground is sacred where God's people meet,
 For there the SAVIOUR will his people greet:
 Where God his presence, as at *Horeb* shews,
 That place is holy every body knows.
 If flocks are stray'd upon the Mountains bleak,
 Must shepherds flocks, or flocks their shepherds seek?
 Shall Doctors let their Patients die at home,
 Because they cannot to their Doctors come?
 When some were summon'd to the Gospel-feast,
 Yet of that banquet seem'd to make a jest;

Tho'

Tho such, no doubt, did Synagogues frequent,
 And to the Temple ev'ry Sabbath went;
 Their souls they lost; tho' regular they trod
 Mosaic paths appointed once of God;
 While yet the halt and maim'd and blind found room,
 In streets and lanes and hedges call'd to come.

But was it *regular* in ancient days,
 In streets and lanes to preach, or in high-ways?
 Yet such God's will, and such was the command,
 To CHRIST's Ambassadors in every land.

If Gospel-tidings *every soul must bear*,
 And many in God's house will not appear,
 They surely must be preach'd to them elsewhere. }

When sinners will not to the Churches come, }
 What can Priests answer in the day of doom,
 If they refuse to Preach to them at home? }

And where, I pray, in Scriptures do we read
In these our days poor souls would have no need
 To be pursu'd, without doors and within,
 In order to *compel them to come in*,

Their souls to save and every sin forsake,
 And all the blessings of the Feast partake?

Hail great APOSTLE of these latter days,
 Whose plan's a transcript of the ancient ways,
 Whose love for souls soon made thee make a stand,
 Against formality throughout the land;
 Durst combat prejudice and petty forms,
 And break thro' all to save poor dying worms!
 The humble Muse glows with a sacred flame,
 To sing the Merit of thy Rev'rend Name:
 'Tis not to sound a panegyric vain,
 Applause to court or man's esteem to gain;

The muse disdains or ought but facts to sing,
 Facts which to JESUS will true glory bring,
 With which she fain would make the earth to ring. }

Behold, in every corner of the land,
 Societies arise, a holy band,
 Imbodied by a secret power divine,
 Where some with graces in perfection shine !
 No Clubs design'd to change the kingdom's fate,
 Or secret Cabals form'd against the State :
 No Politics their private hours employ,
 Or schemes the Peace of Nations to destroy :
 No feign'd religious Plots of any kind,
 Or Bands against or Church or state combin'd :
 But free from base, from sinister by-ends,
 To King, to Kingdom, and true Christian Friends.

Marshall'd by Rules, and rang'd all up in Order,
 By love they're join'd, and freed from dire disorder ;
 Each knows his place, and does his place supply,
 The hand, the foot, the body, ear, and eye :
 By grace cemented, and influenc'd by love,
 For common good each in his place doth move.

Ah, Britain, were but all thy subjects thus
 By love induc'd each subject to discuss ;
 Were all united for thy common good,
 In heart, in head, in interest, as in blood,
 What power on earth thy power cou'd e'er withstand,
 Or spread confusion thro' thy happy land !
 But hold, my muse, these topics now forbear,
 For Politics are not admitted here ;
 Religion is the theme—the work of GOD—
 By some deny'd, because not understood ;
 Maltreated sore by others out of spleen ;
 While yet but few have all its beauties seen,

 C A N T O VI.

A N O T H E R scene appears before our view,
 And what our Fathers very rarely knew—
 Laymen of rustic and unlearn'd degree,
 Rais'd up by Heav'n we in great numbers see,
 And sent to preach all up and down the Nation,
 Which gives to Gownsmen very great vexation,
 Who pride themselves of College Education.

And hence the Rev'rend Clergy rise in arms—
 From Press and Pulpit publish dire alarms—
The Church, the Church in danger is, they cry,
 And with loud clamors rend the earth and sky!
 They Preach—they Print—they persecute with spleen,
 And shoot forth words like bitter arrows keen.
 The Rabble, rous'd by Men of *such great Learning*,
 (Or right, or wrong, they not at all discerning)
 With fiendish fierceness vent their lawless rage,
 Against the best, the wisest of the Age :
 Resentment glows and every bosom warms,
 While, void of argument, they fly to arms.

What *phantom* reasons did their minds engage,
 Thus to exhibit every mark of rage ?
 One grand objection many did alledge—
 “ In fields he harangues under ev'ry hedge ;
 “ The streets and market-places he frequents ;
 “ The sweet repose of neighbourhood he rents :

“ In houses, barns, or corners loud does bawl,

“ *Pretending zeal which far exceeds us all.*”

How inconsistent and how vain is Man !

They hate and persecute him all they can,

For preaching, praying, in the fields about,

When they themselves in fact had sent him out.

Had they their Churches and their Pulpits lent him,

To preach the word in as the LORD had sent him,

No common arguments had made him yield,

To preach the Gospel in the open field.

For this no pre-conceived plan was laid :

He never dream'd he should himself degrade,

To preach where preaching ne'er had been before,

And least of all to preach *without the door*.

Perhaps no stricter Churchman could be found,

And few more zealous walk'd above the ground :

He violence did to nat'ral inclination,

When he began to preach about the nation.

Our LORD's example, and th' APOSTLES too,

At length convinc'd him what he ought to do.

Reluctant nature oft recoil'd again,

And gave his scrup'lous mind no little pain ;

At length the love of souls his mind did sway

In fields to preach, and WHITEFIELD shew'd the way.

WHITEFIELD ! a name on earth to thousands dear !

Inspir'd by HEAV'N, and void of human fear,

His voice was thunder in the sinner's ear.

His speech, like light'ning, pierc'd the Rebel's heart,

And in his conscience fix'd the pointed dart,

And forc'd the sinner from his sins to part.

His glowing language, and his melting strains,

His flowing tears, his constant toil and pains,

Proclaim'd his Love to precious souls below,
 To all who did or did not JESUS know.
 But that great Saint hath left his Sire behind,
 [Such other two you seek in vain to find]
 To fan the fires they kindled in the land,
 When first in fields to preach they took in hand.
 WESLEY and WHITEFIELD ! Champions of the LORD,
 Against all Vice they drew the sacred sword,
 And by compulsion rather than of choice,
 The fields, highways, and hedges heard their voice.

But what necessity at first compell'd,
 Kind Providence hath ever since upheld.
 Thus GOD who sees not as poor mortals see,
 A way plann'd out that they might useful be,
 Confest in a most eminent degree. }
 These Heroes bold proclaim'd the SAVIOUR's blood, }
 While tens of thousands reap'd uncommon good, }
 And all the powers of Hell confounded stood. }

Our Rev'rend Sire declar'd his Master's word,
 Which many treated as if most absurd:
Ye must be born again, " How so they cry,
 " This ne'er can be, at least before we die:
 " What other birth do baptiz'd Christians need ?
 " When we're baptiz'd we're born again indeed.
 " How can we know on earth our sins forgiven ?
 " 'Tis time enough when we arrive at heaven.
 " In vain we seek it while we live below,
 " 'Tis knowledge far too high for man to know :
 " Enthusiastic rant.—A Madman's dream !
 " A doctrine new, and only born with him !"
 When Gospel-truth which in the Bible shines,
 Was thus oppos'd by Laymen and Divines,

" Alas,

" Alas, alas, and can it be, he cry'd,
 " That Men call'd Christians can such truths deride ?
 " Truths bright as sun-beams, glaring in the lines
 " Of Bibles, Prayer-books, books of best Divines—
 " What horrid darkness must our nation cover,
 " That men such dazz'ling truths can ne'er discover !"
 Then to his prayers he humbly hastes away,
 Invokes kind Heav'n to shed the beams of day
 O'er all the land by what he should both write and say. }

His God regards his pious servant's prayer,
 And drives gross darkness from our hemisphere :
 These truths, like sun-beams with enlivening rays
 Scatter the clouds and make the kingdom blaze !
 His Servant makes a shining light on earth,
 And gives ten thousand proofs of the new birth ;
 While myriads turn thro' his blest means to God,
 Redeem'd and sanctified by JESU'S blood !

But others cry'd, " He is a great *schismatic*,
 " A wild *enthusiast*—a true *fanatic*—
 " In these last days he talks of Inspiration,
 " And makes some thousands mad throughout the nation."

How Satan glories in such dupes as these,
 Dissolv'd in pleasure, and indulg'd with ease !
 Tho' men of science, vulgar are their views,
 Who sure their Bibles very little use, }
 While reason's rays no doubt they very much abuse. }
 A *schismatic*—that never made a schism !
 Makes thousands mad---by bringing them to reason !
 A wild *enthusiast*—that tames the wild,
 And makes the lion like a little child !
 A true *fanatic*—yet to reason true, }
 By which, and Scripture, he his models drew }
 To form his conduct, and his heart renew !

There

There still are some who all his ways oppose,
 And some his open, some his secret foes :
 Which often make him drop a secret tear,
 With bowels bleeding for his brethren dear.
 In vain the bigots of each different sect,
 Condemn his doctrines and the truth reject ;
 The Herald still doth in his Master's name,
 Early and late the saving truth proclaim !

Come forth ye thousands, and ten thousands bold,
 To whom his heav'nly message he has told ;
 Witness the good your souls thro' him receive,
 And bless your SAVIOUR for him while you live.
 Could thousands more, who safe are got to Heaven,
 But who were seals to this great Mission given,---
 Could these be heard from Heaven's eternal shore,
 They'd more than prove the facts advanc'd before.
 How will they greet him, when above the skies
 His happy soul from this dark vale shall rise,
 Upborne on Angels wings to Glory flies !

Meantime, the Church he loves, this all must know,
 As both his preaching and his conduct shew :
 Yet still she's shy, or rather on him frowns,
 And tho' a friend, his friendship oft disowns :
 At best receives him with a cold embrace,
 As if a stranger, or of foreign race.

Long ere he left his lov'd *Oxonian* Hall,
 A *Methodist* his colleagues did him call,
 Because he liv'd by methods strict and pure,
 Which Beaus and Blockheads never could endure.
 From thence 'till now, these points his actions prove,
He loves his God---and all Mankind does love.

Yet still the learn'd, or leaders of each sect,
 Condemn his doctrines, and the Truth reject,

Undaunted

Undaunted still he in his Master's name,
 By pen and preaching doth his truths proclaim. —
 Their pulpit harangues he in fields confounds,
 Each futile argument with reason drowns ;
 All Gordian Knots that Sophistry can make,
 His Reasons, Scriptures, and experience break.
 By these he proves that Man is born in sin,
 That his whole heart and actions are unclean ;
 And makes it shine as clear as day to all,
 We fell in Adam with a deadly fall.

That therefore men must all be born again,
 Or no admittance into glory gain.

In vain by Art and Sophistry some try,
 These scripture truths directly to deny ;
 They cannot 'till they throw their Bibles by, }

But then some say, " When we're Baptiz'd we rise,
 " And dying Infants soar above the skies.

Allow'd ; yet still, when moral agents sin,
 And more or less do daily live therein ;
 Can such be happy, *if not born again ?*
 The thought is foolish, and conclusion vain.

When we our Vows in Baptism do break,
 That sacred Covenant quite void we make :
 Each blessing then conferr'd we forfeit still,
 When we transgress our heav'nly Father's will ;
 Baptismal grace all wilful sins destroy,
 And justly damn each sinning girl and boy.

The question, likewise, is absurd and vain
 To ask a man *how* he is born again :

To doubt the fact because he does not know }
 The secret nature of the spirit's law,
 Or how he operates, as *thus* or *so*.

When *air is mov'd*, and blust'ring winds we hear
 Rebound against each body we are near,

Our

Our *senses* tell us that those winds do blow,
 But who their *secret operations* know,
 Or see from whence they come, or where they go ? }
 As well may *reason* fathom *inspiration*,
 As know the wind's most secret operation :
 The facts are plain, and in both cases true,
 But *how perform'd*, no man yet ever knew.
 Cease then to cavil, lest you should be found,
 God's work to censure, and your souls to wound.

'Tis ask'd, " How can we *know* our sins forgiven ?"
 'Tis answer'd by a witness sent from Heaven.
 This witness, true, is of a noble kind,
 More than by vision or by voice we find :
 The mind alone its secret whispers hears,
 When it dispels our guilty doubts and fears,
 And with our spirit its joint witness bears. }
 The mind of man with consciousness endu'd,
 What passes there by inward light is view'd :
 But who can see what passes in another ?
 The Eye of God, and certainly no other :
 And thus this witness felt by inward sense,
 Each only knows by sound experience.
 That pain is painful, all who feel can tell,
 As conscious guilt creates an inward hell :
 Alone by *inward sense* quite plain we know,
 That God through CHRIST our sins forgives below.
 They who experience this alone can know it,
 Yet by good works to others they may shew it :
 This truth to others we can only tell,
 By holy tempers, tongues and living well,---
 While yet this witness is more sure and plain,
 Than if an Angel cry'd, *Ye're born again*.

His learned foes at length their pens lay by,
 Their strength in vain against the truth they try :

The

The truth shone brighter by their opposition,
 And spread to every corner of the nation.
 And now, behold, among the multitude,
 Learn'd and unlearn'd, the civil and the rude,
 What num'rous souls, wak'd by his powerful word,
 Repent, reform, and turn unto the LORD !
 The dead are rais'd, the guilty are forgiven,
 The blind get sight, and find their way to Heaven.
 His GOD avows his mission from above,
 While he proclaims his dying SAVIOUR's love ;
 His prayers he answers by a sacred flame,
 Like that which on Elijah's altar came :
 Thus ISRAEL's GOD by thousands was ador'd,
 And both are prov'd the Prophets of the LORD.

C A N T O VII.

ON Scripture-grounds which reason must approve,
 Great WESLEY sings his dear Redeemer's love.
 WESLEY ! whose life this present day outshines,
 The lustre of the wisest, best Divines !
 And future ages will his name record,
 Among the greatest Servants of the LORD.
 These are not fancies, but upheld by facts :
 Do any doubt ! Impartial view his acts.
 Behold the man with heavenly grace imbued,
 And from his youth with talents rare indu'd :
 Train'd by his master for the work design'd,
 A work as yet that enter'd not his mind,—

In Classics he acquir'd the Critic's skill ;
 All useful Science fathom'd at his will :
 The heights and depths of Learning's stores he found,
 And quickly ran the ample circle round.
 By nature blest with vast capacious mind,
 All needful Talents were in him combin'd.
 Oxford can witness his superior skill,
 When he a MODERATOR's Chair did fill.
 Yet these endowments were of little worth,
 'Till in GOD's cause he amply laid them forth.

His prudent, modest mind did ne'er aspire
 To seek preferment with unhallowed fire ;
 His *Fellowship* was all he did desire. }
 If rich his mind, and high in Heaven's esteem,
 Who would might take all worldly wealth for him.
 Enur'd to temp'rance, and himself deny,
 Like Paul, himself he strove to mortify :
 A mind abstracted from the world he found—
 Ascetic-like, he could live under ground.
 As gold is gold while growing in the mine ;
 And diamonds precious e'er they polish'd shine ;
 So WESLEY's mind with heavenly genius was stor'd,
 Although for years known only to the LORD,
 Yet found by him mankind to teach and bless,
 As thousands since the standing facts confess.

Yet without grace what are all nature's gifts ?
 The feather'd brain in pride itself uplifts—
 Puff'd with vain knowledge, and with self-conceit,
 Pedantic souls will scarce their betters greet :
 With love of self, and with vain knowledge stor'd,
 Themselves they neither know, nor yet the LORD.
 Not thus the man, the muse here means to sing,
 Whose polish'd mind she into light would bring ;

He

He soon his time and talents understood,
 Were only lent him for the public good :
 For public good, in public set apart,
 That good he fought with zealous upright heart,
 Determin'd then God's glory *first* to seek,
 At home, abroad, in church, or mountain's bleak ;
 His own salvation next he would ensure,
 And in all goodness to the end endure ;
 Then others help to make their callings sure. }
 Nor guess'd he yet how wide his Province lay }
 In which to act. and govern in his day, }
 And teach such numbers how to watch and pray. }
 The Scriptures teach us, *that the wrath of men* }
The LORD shall praise, the rest he will restrain }
 His will to work, and make their malice vain. }
 An instance here in WESLEY you may view,
 That plainly proves that sacred passage true.

By human rage he was from Church excluded,
 And on the fields and vulgar herds obtruded :
 And now 'tis plain that very incident,
 To light brought forth the LORD's most kind intent, }
 Thousands to call, and bring them to repent. }
 And hence behold a wide extended scene,
 Such as late ages never once had seen !
 The Church denied him, but the fields receiv'd him,
 Where now he preach'd, although at first it griev'd him ;
 Yet soon perceiv'd it was the will of Heaven,
 As glorious seals were to his labours given.

At *London* first the kindling flames began,
 And soon from East to West they swiftly ran ;
 From South to North he briskly spread the flame,
 And England sounded with the SAVIOUR's name !

The rich and learn'd in every age and place,
 Were always last to seek the SAVIOUR's face,
 And thus it happen'd in the present case. }
 The Dons themselves on pleasure's lap indulg'd,
 While daily he GOD's saving truths divulg'd ;
 And crouds on crouds to hear him preach resort
 In fields, tho' chiefly of the poorer sort ;
 The woods and rocks with hymns of praise resound,
 And echo back the soul reviving sound !
 Mountains and plains stand witnesses to prove,
 How he his SAVIOUR, and poor souls does love.
 What multitudes with weeping eyes attend,
 All cas'd with coals the colour of a fiend !
 With hearts still blacker, as if bred in hell,
 Witness wild *Kingswood Moor*, and *Chowden Fell*.
 These sons of Vulcan liv'd below the ground,
 And learn'd with oaths the trump of Hell to sound, }
 Nor grace, nor manners good, with them were found. }

Yet soon GOD's pow'r with WESLEY's word appear'd,
 Which rous'd their souls, and pierc'd each conscience fear'd :
 These painted mortals felt the quick'ning power,
 And strait arose, converted from that hour !
 Oh happy change ! if Angels joy in Heaven,
 When humbling grace is to one sinner given,
 What peals of praises from their harps must sound,
 When *Kingswood* and *Newcastle* mercy found !
 Confounded fiends with horror stood aghast,
 To see Hell's stoutest Pillars fall so fast !
 Keelmen and Colliers from their banners fly,
 And shout redeeming love through earth and sky !
 No oaths nor curses now his speech confound,
 Ingulph'd below, or rais'd above the ground :

God's

God's praises hence in earth's deep caverns rung,
While Hymns and Prayers employ'd each heart and tongue.

————— Hark !

The air resounds more early than the lark !
The list'ning birds of sinners learn to sing,
While earth and sea their sacred tribute bring, }
Of love and praise to their Almighty King }
Newcastle, Sunderland, and Shields adore,
His bounteous hand who feeds the starving poor,
And hundreds call'd his richest grace to share,
And stirr'd them up to humble love and prayer.
Great was the work, and glorious were the days,
When rivers, rocks, and pits echo'd with praise !
How fast it spread, and multitudes indeed,
The word receiv'd between the *Tyne* and *Tweed* !
The fields were white, the sickle God put in,
And sav'd the sinner, yet cut down the sin !

Hail bleak North, thy sons by Satan bound,
The sweets of gospel-liberty have found !
Among thy youth God rais'd up sons of thunder,
Who preach'd, and pray'd, and fill'd thy hills with wonder.
The wild were tam'd, the ignorant were taught, }
And graceless sinners were to JESUS brought, }
Who ne'er before had grace or goodness fought. }
From Cots and Coal-pits thy Redeemer found, }
Tribute of praise, beneath, above the ground, }
From those who JESUS for their Sovereign own'd. }

The Western vallies catch'd the sacred fire,
Which JESUS kindled higher still and higher :
The dreary mountains heard the SAVIOUR's fame,
And learn'd to love and tremble at his name.

Newlands, and Allendale, and Burn-ut-field.
A glorious crop of sinner-converts yield ;

While

While *Brown* and *Hopper* with a stone and sling,
 To JESU's feet old Satan's Giants bring.
 The greatest sinners of gigantic size,
 With broken hearts, and water in their eyes,
 Stood trembling now, or on their faces fell,
 And fear'd a worse, yet felt a present Hell ;
 Their words like thunder sounded in their ears,
 Their hearts pierc'd thro', and melted them in tears,
 'Till JESUS sav'd them from their guilty fears. }

Among the Dales and Lead-mines take a turn,
 For there the sacred flame began to burn :
Weardale, Teesdale, and several other Dales,
 Where real religion mightily prevails.
 Here Satan long had reign'd and kept his seat—
 Here streams of vice and rural folly met.—
 If men but riches found and veins of Ore,
 Content they liv'd, and seem'd to want no more.
 A deadly lethargy their souls had seiz'd,
 And all their mental powers were soar diseas'd.
 By mountains huge from noisy cities parted,
 The nymphs and swains in rural sports sweet-hearted,
 With simple food and simple dress content,
 On riches, sports, and bus'ness fully bent.

Rous'd by the sound of preaching in the fields,
 Each curious ear a close attention yields ;
 They listen silent, and with great amaze,
 Full at the Preacher and his manners gaze :
 At length the word, like daggers, strike them through,
 And hundreds cry, *What must such sinners do ?*
 The briny current from each eye-ball rolls,
 While keen convictions rend their very souls !
 Their heaving breasts the heart-felt griefs display,
 And prayerless souls begin to learn to pray.

Down

Down from on high the LORD his spirit pours,
 Like evening dew, or like the morning showers ;
 The gentle rain bedews the softening mind,
 While all the power of grace the converts find.
 The wond'ring crouds the Preaching now attend,
 O'er hills and dales their footsteps swiftly bend ;
 Thro' winter-snows, and northern blasts they run,
 To hear what JESUS for their souls has done.

As plants in spring imbibe the softer ray,
 Or morning shades give place to opening day,
 Their thirsty souls drink in the sacred word,
 Which yields the saving knowledge of the LORD.
 Hence thro' the Lead-mines prayers and praise resound,
 Since they a precious CHRIST their treasure found ;
 A treasure richer than their minds afford,
 Of richest grace laid up in CHRIST their LORD.
 The candid must confess that God hath wrought,
 A mighty change these dreary dales throughout :
 Where Satan reign'd the SAVIOUR plac'd his throne,
 And quickly cast the grand usurper down ;
 Lost sinners rescued from his pow'rful hand,
 Who bows obsequious now to CHRIST's command :
 Their lives, their tempers, and their social prayer,
 Evince that JESUS is exalted there.

From Mines of Lead [a deadly ore indeed,
 By whose dire use how many millions bleed !]
 To Mines of Tin we next will turn our eye,
 To view GOD's work as we o'er Britain fly.
 The *Cornish* blades, imbued with british blood,
 For many years the gospel-call withstood :
 Though some, 'tis true, soon with attentive ear,
 Rejoic'd of CHRIST and gospel-truths to hear.

But

But most, for years, the saving truths oppose,
 And in great numbers 'gainst the righteous rose,
 Resolv'd to govern by their own club-laws. }
 Each his own will for law would substitute— }
 Each his own will as law would execute— }
 Without or rhyme or reason like a brute.
 And here our Hero met with great opposition,
 And his adherents suffer'd persecution
 From crouds of Tanners, Fishers, Smugglers fell,
 Who all united in the cause of Hell.
 But still undaunted he his point pursu'd,
 And bore their manners, savage, cruel, rude ;
 His LORD, he knew, had met with worse before,
 Which thought gave courage, and he preach'd the more.

Here Earth and Heaven in opposition stood—
 Here Earth like Hell, knew very little good—
 In vice immerst up to the very chin,
 They easy drank the deadly poison in.

But who an Antidote for vice could find,
 To which this Country was so strong inclin'd ?
 Or who e'er strove the streams of vice to stem,
 Or ever thought of once converting them ?
 Here Ministers and Magistrates unite,
 (Tho' 'gainst their characters and office quite)
 To lead the mobbers to the field of mars,
 To wage with piety infernal wars !

The mines, like hives, pour'd out the stinging bees,
 (Like swarms of Locusts by an eastern breeze)
 Loath such a babbler their repose shou'd break,
 Or their career of vice receive a check.
 Old Satan fear'd such nests of vice to loose,
 And hence devis'd each hellish art to use,
 To drive God's servants from his own domain,
 Lest some of his should e'er be *born again*.

The

The rich, the learn'd, the parson, and the squire,
 Agreed to stone or toss them in the mire,—
 Early or late, whene'er a little few,
 (Who grace had tasted, and their SAVIOUR knew)
 From wicked crouds to hear God's word withdrew.
 Where any join'd in fellowship divine,
 The blood-hounds follow'd with a base design,
 The sheep to scatter, and the lambs devour,
 Their ends to gain, exerting all their power.

But God, who rides upon the whirlwind's wings,
 Like light'ning swift his people succour brings,
 Their foes defeated, and their schemes o'erthrew,
 While thro' the country his blest gospel flew.
 He saw the malice of proud men in power,
 Who try'd each art God's people to bring lower,
 And all his flocks to scatter or devour.

He stept between—and soon in every town,
 Or turn'd their hearts, or tied the monsters down.
 The *Civil Law* throughout this favour'd nation,
 Protects each man however low his station.

Religious liberty to all is granted,
 A pearl which other nations long have wanted,
 For which they hitherto in vain have panted.

Let Britain's sons this liberty enjoy,
 Nor Kings, nor Commons e'er this pearl destroy.
For want of this, the Church in ages past,
 Was bath'd in blood, and all her fields laid waste.
For want of this—when you would seek the good,
 You soon might find them by their tracks of blood :
For want of this—in ages much benighted,
 God's saints were seen by flames their bodies lighted.
 O Britain ! never with this blessing part,
 While blood runs warm about thy beating heart,

The blood of thousands did their blessings buy, }
 The best of blessings far beneath the sky, }
 And if once lost, with it all blessings die. }
 Peace now obtain'd, the gospel-trumpet blew, }
 And round the country gospel-blessings flew, }
 While God the walls of Jericho o'erthrew : }
 Subdu'd the Cananites in every place,
 And thousand's fell, converted by free grace.

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C A N T O VIII.

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FROM Pits and Mines we'll rise a little higher,
 View Vulcans sons hard working in the fire,
 In *Sheffield, Wen'sbury, and Birmingham,*
 Where men, like fiends, did freely curse and damn :
 Their hearts were blacker than their skins appear, }
 And harder far than all these hardest ware, }
 Yet mark *what* God *hath wrought* among them there ! }
 Great is the work, and great the reformation,
 Among vast numbers of each trade and station !
 In all these places, how did Satan rage,
 When first field-preachers did their forts engage ?
 Here Satan sat enthron'd as in his palace—
 Here coiners grew, and ripen'd for the gallows—
 For coining, dancing, drinking and debauch,
 But few spare time could find to go to Church.
 Here sinners revell'd, and here Satan reign'd,
 And here his subjects did what he ordain'd !—

When

When God his servants to these places sent,
 Upon their master's cause and glory bent,
 What awful hardships they soon underwent !
 What tragic scenes did these dire days afford,
 Before these brutes were tam'd, or fought the LORD !

In fields and houses first th' attack was made,
 In which field-preachers boldly preach'd and pray'd ;
 While Satan's soldiers fierce receiv'd the fire,
 And quickly cas'd their cloaths with dirt and mire.
 His *Myrmidons* commit outrageous things,
 Like wheels in watches mov'd by secret springs—
 The Clergy [horrid fact] or Gentlemen,
 Exciting mobs to do what they ordain.

" No law, they cry, there is for Methodists,
 " But what you give them with your double fists —
 " With clubs, or stones, or dirt, or rotten eggs,
 " Pelt well their heads, their bodies, and their legs ;
 " Toss them in channels, and their cloaths besmear,
 " Strike home—nor any consequences fear,
 " And let them know we'll have no madmen here.
 " Down with their houses, and their windows break,
 " Their persons and their properties then take,
 " *King Mob* approves all club-laws you can make."

Encourag'd thus, the lawless bands unite,
 And under Satan's chieftains boldly fight :
 Severe the conflict ! and the fiends of Hell,
 Rejoic'd to see their work go on so well.
 But God with other eyes their scenes survey'd,
 And sent his Angels to his people's aid :
 His spirit likewise on the mobs did pour,
 As gentle rains succeed a thunder shower.
 Their minds were fir'd with all the rage of hell,
 Before converting grace upon them fell ;

But Bears and Tygers meek as lambs became,
When first they felt the power of JESU's name.

Confounded at the change, their neighbours cry,

“ Was e'er the like before far off or nigh ?

“ The vicious sinner now a saint appears !

“ And hearts of stone we see dissolv'd in tears !

“ The drunken sot a sober man we find,

“ And savage blades benevolent and kind :

“ The persecutor suffers in the cause,

“ Which he with fury did so late oppose !

“ The drunkard's wife with joy her husband finds,

“ Careful and sober and his business minds,

“ 'Mong starving infants with glad heart divides,

“ The chearing morsels which the dad provides !

“ Rebels of late, are loyal subjects turn'd ;

“ And impious men who at religion spurn'd,

“ We see religious, conscientious, wise,

“ Who late such things did from their hearts despise.

“ The cruel master, and the furious dame,

“ Whose passions fierce set houses in a flame,

“ As meek as lambs, and mild as doves became. }

“ The servile sort whose bus'ness is to wait,

“ Their master's pleasure at their master's gate,

“ A wild perfidious, disobedient brood,

“ Are now turn'd honest, modest, careful, good.

“ The churl is chang'd ! the pinching niggard's door,

“ Benev'lence shews to all the starving poor,

“ Where every wretch was *frown'd away* before. }

“ The heart, which love of wealth or gold had clos'd,

“ Each secret Idol willingly expos'd,

“ And gave to widows, and to orphans poor,

“ Nor hence e'er turn'd a stranger from the door.

“ The unkind neighbour, now his neighbour loves,

“ And savage brutes are made as tame as doves :

Those

" Those breasts where furious fiendish passions dwelt,
 " Have all the charms of heavenly graces felt :
 " And minds that inward hells but late had been,
 " Grace made her palace, and there reign'd as Queen.
 " The guilty conscience (now all guilt's forgiven)
 " A language spake, which breath'd of inward heaven."

O glorious change ! what work the LORD has done,
 Since first field-preaching at these towns begun !
 How many thousands have been sav'd by grace,
 Some gone to Heaven, and some live in each place !
 Yea, now who live a life of grace below,
 And living faith by living well do show,
 While up to CHRIST their living head they grow. }

They find their head a SAVIOUR is from sin,
 From all they felt, and all they once liv'd in :
 Their tongues, their tempers, and their conduct prove,
 They're born of God, and fill'd with heavenly love.
 Hail happy people whom the LORD hath blest !
 May brighter flames blaze in each upright breast !
 May greater grace, and warmer fires inflame,
 Each glowing heart with love to JESU's name !
 Go on, go on, proclaim a war with hell !
 That war maintain by love and living well !
 Profess and practice—let your actions teach—
 For actions always most effectual preach :
 Actions convince when words may prove but wind ;
 Facts will decide, nor leave a doubt behind.

In *Birstal*, *Bradford*, *Leeds*, and *Hallifax*,
 The infant-work most rapidly did wax,
 The kindling fire into a flame soon grew,
 And swift as wind the sparks through Yorkshire flew.
Nelson, that hero of this latter age,
 With Satan's sons a noble war did wage,
 And rous'd th' old dragon into furious rage. }

Bold

Bold his attacks—successful his designs—
 He forc'd his way thro' Dæmons and Divines :
 Inglorious war both earth and hell essay'd—
 Tho' all their engines at his life were play'd,
 He dar'd their malice, and great conquests made. }
 'Tis true, some Magistrates and Parsons prest him,
 And in Mars livery awhile they dress'd him ;
 Yet soon superior to their spite he rose,
 And lasting laurels gain'd o'er all his foes.
 His God, like Daniel's, chain'd the lions down,
 And sent him help and friends in every town.
 His nat'ral courage, back'd with heavenly aid,
 His flaming zeal, the fervent prayers he made,
 And piercing words, made all his foes afraid. }
 Success uncommon all his words attended—
 Tho' men and devils with him were offended—
 Yet still he triumph'd till his days were ended. }

His faithful prayers are on the file in Heaven,
 And since his death his GOD has answers given.
 Perhaps those Preachers who his place supply,
 Are hence more blest with blessings from on high.
 And hence, behold, what thousands in those places,
 Where first he preach'd, each Church and Chapel graces !
 You scarce a Village, or a house can find,
 Where some have not receiv'd a CHRIST-like mind :
 The little leaven all the lump shall raise,
 And tune their hearts to sing Immanuel's praise.
 The country through for many miles around,
 Both late and early Methodists are found,
 Their SAVIOUR's praise in warmest strains to sing. }
 As *Phylomel* makes midnight groves to ring,
 Or morning songsters in the bloom of spring. }

What

What drunken *Sheermen* henceforth drink no more, }
 While *Cloathiers* learn to cloath the naked poor, }
 And rich men feed them from their ample store.
 The righteous now who erst were very rare,
 Increase and grow and flourish ev'ry where.
 Late nurseries of vice, nurse virtue now,
 And there true christians to perfection grow.
 No place in Britain hath more faithful prov'd,
 Nor seems there any more of God belov'd.
 A garden this where righteous plants do thrive,
 Where many thousand souls are all alive,
 And pressing on the glorious prize to win,
 To serve their God, and be redeem'd from sin!
 Go on, ye followers of the bleeding Lamb!
 Your SAVIOUR praise, while others drink or damn;
 Approve yourselves the spotless sons of God,
 Lest he correct you with his iron rod:
 Your God to *you* hath many talents given,
 Which you must *use* to be approv'd of heaven.
 O lay them out with all your strength and skill, }
 And every day your daily work fulfil, }
 And do on earth your heav'nly father's will.

Survey, my muse, that favour'd tract of land,
 (And mark the works of an Almighty hand)
 Which *Air*, and *Ouse*, and *Calder's* streams pervade,
 Engines of wealth, and vehicles of trade.
 Along their banks, and all the country through,
 Jesus hath found much work for him to do.
 Say what a case was all this country in, }
 O'erwhelm'd in ignorance, and sunk in sin, }
 When God his glorious work did first begin! }
 How many brutes in human shape appear'd,
 Who scarce or God or man, or lov'd or fear'd!

Whose

Whose hearts and actions, say the least you can,
 If you men's hearts might by their actions scan,
 No more resembled CHRIST, or christians *then*,
 Than asses horses, or than apes do men.
 Of real religion they had scarce the shell,
 For few, alas ! e'er thought of living well,
 But most were posting swiftly down to Hell. }
 Or if they thought, they rarely went about it,
 And seem'd to think they might do well without it.
 Some few exceptions we perhaps might find,
 Who in some measure had a CHRIST-like mind :
 Yet still, I fear, they were but very few,
 For who there dream'd of being *born anew* ?

Yet now, oh happy change ! this place of trade,
 Contains some thousands, real *new-creatures* made.
 At *Wakefield*, and the country round about it,
 Where Calder's streams meand'ring flow throughout it.
 What numbers now the SAVIOUR's name confess, }
 And for the mark with ardent vigour press
 Of perfect love and complete happiness !
 See how on Sabbaths those to Churches fly,
 Who erst at home like sleeping hogs did lie ;
 Or else abroad would drink, and swear, and fight,
 From early morn 'till late on Sabbath-night !
 But *now* reform'd, and turn'd to seek the LORD,
 And constant hear his soul-reviving word.

At *Birstal*, *Leeds*, at *Bradford*, and at *York*,
 The LORD hath long with sinners been at work :
 Within those places, and the country round,
 Some thousand souls have their Redeemer found,
 Since *Nelson* first those nests of vice broke up,
 When press'd and plac'd among a warlike troop.

Within

Within this City many souls you find,
 Who earnest seek a truly CHRIST-like mind,
 Who are by love to CHRIST and one another join'd. }
 Pursue the road to *Thirsk* and *Allerton*, }
 On either hand the LORD has wonders done, }
 And has his lots who live in every town. }
 The tumid hills some humble hearts contain ; }
 In woodlands, vallies, and the fertile plain, }
 There numbers live who now are *born again*. }
 Sail down the *Ouse* by *Selby* to *Swinfleet*,
 Near which some rapid rolling rivers meet :
 There trees of righteousness each bank adorn,
 Quite cross the plains from *Pocklington* to *Thorne*, }
 And spread and flourish like the fields of corn. }

Water dear SAVIOUR ev'ry righteous tree,
 And make each growing branch yield fruit to Thee.

At *Kingston* upon *Hull* where *Humber* rolls,
 There numbers are of gracious happy souls.
 There God of late has truly done great wonders,
 And by his word in sev'ral Pulpits thunders ;
 Yet sounds the gospel in a milder strain
 Which falls from *Rostrums* like refreshing rain ;
 While Christians grow in faith and hope and love,
 And place their treasures and their hearts above.
 See ! crouds on crouds both Church and Chapels throng !
 Hark ! peals of praises sound from ev'ry tongue !
 While gospel-grace bedews each waiting mind,
 And hundreds there the great Redeemer find !
 Go on great SAVIOUR, in thy chariot ride, }
 Till thousands more are freely justified. }
 And shouting cry, *the LORD for us hath died !* }
 O make them thankful for each gospel-grace,
 So largely pour'd upon that favour'd place :

O make them humble, loving, watchful, pure,
 Zealous their own salvation to secure,
 And constant prove, and to the end endure.
 Through all these parts, in villages and towns,
 In marshy-woodlands, or in champaign downs,
 Among the poor the gospel-trumpet sounds.
 Early and late the Clarion rends the air,
 And numbers flock the joyful sound to hear,
 And with his people find the SAVIOUR there.

Arm of the LORD, awake, awake, go forth,
 And rouse ten thousand more all through the north ;
 Visit each town, nor country-house pass by,
 But pour upon them blessings from on high.

At *Acklam*, *Sherbourn*, and at *Wintringham*,
 A few adore the dear Redeemer's name,
 Whose lives are patterns to the neighb'ring wolds,
 Where Satan sinners keep like sheep in folds.
 Descend great shepherd with thy powerful rod,
 Reclaim thy own and bring them back to GOD.

Avaunt my muse across the marshy ground,
 Where little towns on sloping hills abound,
 In each of which there some have JESUS found.
 From *Suenton* all the way to *Kirkby-side*,
 Some hundreds know for whom the SAVIOUR died,
 If you include the neighb'ring vallies wide.
 Work, dear Redeemer, for thy glory work,
 Each sinner call from *Gisbrough* unto *York* :
 Those dreary mountains cover with thy wing,
 To every vale thy glorious gospel bring,
 Till every tongue thy saving truths shall sing.
 Water and cultivate those hills and dales,
 Thy spirit breathe in sweet refreshing gales,
 The genial ray inspire in every heart,
 Till all shall love thee and from sin depart.

At *Malton, Thornton, Pick'ring, Norton* too,
 The dear Redeemer hath some work to do :
 O haste the time to pour refreshing graces,
 On every heart and house within those places.
 The world, the world, that Idol of mankind,
 The heart case-hardens and benumbs the mind ;
 Prevents conviction, and corrupts the heart,
 Till few are willing with their lusts to part :
 Quick from his shrine this Dagon tumbles down,
 And makes thy grace triumphant in each town,
 Till every house thy powerful arm confess,
 And every tongue the dear Immanuel bless,

At *Key, at Bridlington, and Scarbro' shore,*
 At *Bay, at Whitby,* and some places more,
 All through those parts, the SAVIOUR they adore. }
 A few you find almost in every place,
 The LORD hath call'd to taste his saving grace :
 Yea hundreds find the gospel's quick'ning power,
 And sing redeeming love this present hour.
 String up your harps ye people of the LORD—
 Tune up your hearts and praise with one accord—
 Make land and ocean echo with your hymns,
 Till every cot, and every ship that swims
 Along your coast, reverberate the song,
 And warble praise with glowing heart and tongue.

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C A N T O IX.

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AROUND the land this glorious work hath spread--- }
 What thousands living, and what thousands dead,
 Whose souls have tasted of the living bread !

Return my muse along the Eastern shore,
 The work of God in *Lincolnshire* explore ;
 Coast round the Country, nor forget the Isle,
 Tho' short thy visits—stop a little while.

The Methodists here opposition met :
 Here opposition is scarce over yet.
 When thro' the Fens, and o'er the Wolds with speed,
 Near silent streams, or o'er the flow'ry mead,
 Swift as the wind the gospel-tidings flew,
 And sinking souls from Hell's precincts withdrew :
 Till then the sheep without a shepherd lay,
 Forlorn and torn and starv'd both night and day :
 Or if they shepherds had, such hireling tools,
 Car'd nought, or little, for their precious souls.
 The heav'nly shepherd cast a pitying eye,
 And soon resolv'd some other means to try,
 And other men in this great work employ, }
 These men *he sent* among the Fens and Plains,
 To preach his word, and watch with constant pains, }
 And daily practice what his word ordains. }
 The word they preach'd—and hark ! the joyful sound,
 O'er all the Wolds, and thro' the Fens rebound !

The sleeping Hirelings from their slumbers wake,
 And with God's preachers dreadful havoc make !
 The sons of Satan in curst league combin'd,
 And oh ! sad truth ! with them some Clergy join'd.
Mitchel and *Hampson* all their fury felt,
 While hearts of stone, with stones their bodies pelt.

Behold the savage brood, with passion fraught,
 (By Priests and fiends such cruel lessons taught)
 The preachers faces and their cloaths disfigure ;
 Of mercy void they fight with hellish vigour,
 And treat them all as wolves do lambs with rigour ! }

In ponds they plung'd them, and with pitch besmear'd,
 Till life endanger'd—instant death was fear'd,
 And nought but shouts & curses from their tongues were heard }
 All hail ye champions in your master's cause !
 Like anvils beat---ye stood their hellish blows---
 In vain they strove your fortitude to move,
 While God upheld you by his heav'nly love.
 True to your God, and in his service true,
 Ye bore the rage of all th' abandon'd crew,
 Till grace or laws the monsters seiz'd and chain'd,
 By which your cause a glorious triumph gain'd.

Their efforts vain—for every means they tried,
 Which rage suggests, consistent with their pride, }
 To set the preaching, and God's work aside.
 With shame and low'ring looks they then retire,
 Each from his quarter to receive his hire :
 While great success attend the Preacher's pains,
 Who strove in simple unaffected strains
 The truth to preach, and teach the willing poor
 Their souls to save, and go and sin no more.

And now, almost in every town and place,
 The Country through, there some are call'd through grace.
 Tho' small the spark which first in *Epworth* glow'd,
 Yet soon God's spirit spread the fire abroad ;
 Some heav'nly flames were kindled in a thrice,
 In hearts before as cold as northern ice.

How many souls God's saving grace have found !
 Survey the surface of the Country round—
 Behold the change in many hearts and houses,
 On sinners wrought—on husbands, children, spouses—
 They fly from sin as from a Serpent's face—
 The blind and halt run swift the christian race— }
 The dead are rais'd, and leper's cleans'd thro' grace. }

At

At *Croule*, at *Swinfleet*, *Doncaster*, and *Thorne*,
 Some Adults live who yet are newly born :
 Not by a second passage thro' the womb,
 (For there Adults would find too little room)
 But by a noble birth, of nobler feed,
 Which mortals make GOD-like, and blest indeed !

At *Grimby*, *Winterton*, *Alkborough* too,
 Some gracious souls their duty daily do,
 Who yet before their duty much neglected,
 While they the offers of *free-grace* rejected.
 That grace their minds hath moulded o'er again,
 Each conscience purg'd from every guilty stain,
 And soon will cleanse 'till no more spots remain.

At *Scotter*, *Kirton*, *Tealby* near the Wolds,
 Some lambs are there the SAVIOUR feeds and folds—
 With tender grass, and living streams refresh them,
 And if they stray, do not in anger thresh them.
 But into paths of righteousness restore,
 And bless and save them till they sin no more.

At *Louth*, at *Langham*, *Horncastle* and *Keal*,
 The guilty pardon, and the wounded heal,
 And all thy saving power to them reveal.
 Some precious souls already know thy name,
 And by thy gospel all their conduct frame :
 But pour thy spirit yet more largely down,
 Till all those places, and each neighb'ring town,
 The power of grace, and Jesu's blood shall own.

O grace, thou sov'reign antidote of sin,
 Erect thy throne and bring thy kingdom in,
 Till every heart in every house shall prove,
 The reign of grace, and power of perfect love.
 Arise great SAVIOUR of the fallen race,
 Each village visit with thy richest grace,
 And think on *Gainbro'* that proud, wicked place.

Busy

Busy in trade---on wealth and riches bent,
 To compass which they ev'ry scheme invent :
 But few, alas ! their better part regard,
 While from their thoughts religion they discard.
 Yet some there are of ev'ry sect and station,
 Who zealous strive to work out their salvation :
 Increase their number, and increase their grace,
 Till every soul within this careless place,
 Shall seek and find God's reconciled face.

Thy healing beams diffuse the town about,
 And find each hard and graceless sinner out ;
 His hardness soften by thy melting ray,
 And turn his darkness into open day ;
 Each graceless heart by grace divine bring in,
 And save the sinner, and destroy the sin.

From Wolds and Fens, and from the downy fleece,
 From silent streams and marshes spread with geese,
 Take wing my muse, and other converts seek,
 Converts to CHRIST in vales and mountains bleak,
 And sing among the wonders of the *Peak*.
 Here mountains raise their tumid summits high,
 As if they aim'd to scale the cloudy sky.
 Survey the surface of the country round,
 Its rocks, its rivers, and its rising ground---
 It seems, methinks, when heaven us'd his spade,
 These hills were ramparts---vales were ditches made,
 Their hardy sons to screen from fear and dread.

Here precious souls [more precious than the store
 In mountain-vaults enrich'd with golden ore]
 Field-preachers call'd the SAVIOUR to adore.
 Their callous hearts at first, I make no question,
 Were harder brac'd than were their constitution ;
 Yea harder far than any ore they found,
 Within the surface of their hilly ground.

But

But JESU's blood a strong dissolvent is ;
 'Tis this the heart can melt, and only this :
 His word's a hammer, and this hammer breaks
 The stony hearts, and bows the stoutest necks ;
 This word when used by a hand divine,
 Can break the hardest---for it hath broke *mine*.
 Mark how the strokes upon the stoutest fall,
 Which make the graceless on the SAVIOUR call !
 The LORD, the sinner, in his nest involves,
 The rebel yields, the heart of stone dissolves.
 Guilty, condemn'd, undone, undone, he cries,
 Yet soon a gleam of chearing hope he spies
 In JESU's name, and there for refuge flies.
 He flies by faith, and refuge finds in him,
 Who died a world of sinners to redeem !

The Father glad the prodigal receives---
 The Father's love the prodigal believes---
 The SAVIOUR speaks a pardon in his ear ;
 The sinner joys the welcome news to hear ;
 And Angel's each to each the tidings bear.
 The Saints on earth the common joys partake,
 While devils rage within the burning lake,
 Because poor sinners all their sins forsake !

Rejoice, rejoice, each favour'd mountaineer,
 For gospel-preachers in your vales appear---
 In fields, or rocks, or in the cottage poor,
 No matter where-- or in or out of door,
 They bring you tidings you scarce heard before.
 Your souls they love---your greatest good they seek ;
 What else could bring them to the dreary peak ?
 Embrace the truth and hide it in your heart,
 The truth will make you from your sins depart :

Improve

Improve each moment, time flies fast away,
 Your Bibles read, and meditate, and pray—
 Prepare ! for death advances every day. }

From tumid mountains of eternal snow,
 Descend my muse into the lands below—
 At *Derby, Nottingham, and Dunnington,*
 Survey what JESUS hath for sinners done.
 In all these places, and the country round,
 How many souls the richest pearls have found !
 Stand forth ye living witnesses of JESUS—
 Believe, you are not call'd upon *to please us* ;
 Avaunt the thought—but 'tis to testify
What CHRIST has done, and who he did it by,
 That other souls may your example take,
 And peace with God by a redeemer make.
 Were you not sinners in your sins asleep,
 And for nor souls nor sins did ever weep ?
 Were you not blind, and deaf, and dumb, and lame,
 When first field-preachers to your places came ?
 But who your souls awak'd from deadly slumber ?
 Or who your sins discovered without number ?

Methinks I hear a thousand souls and more,
 Who nothing knew of grace or CHRIST before,
 Proclaim from these and other towns about,
 And in the neighb'ring counties all throughout—
 Some in soft whispers, like the gentle breeze
 Pervading woods and wafting 'mong the trees ;
 Others in hoarser sounds, and bolder strains,
 Like rapid currents after pouring rains :

' Long did we lie immerst in nature's night,
 ' And with our Maker, and our souls did fight ;
 ' Fair virtue's paths we knew not how to tread,
 ' Tho' we our Bibles and our Prayer-books read :

K

' How

‘ How could we see involv’d in shades of night,
 ‘ Or understand without God’s saving light ?
 ‘ When none did teach us, how should we then learn ?
 ‘ Or in the dark the things of God discern ?
 ‘ So blind in sin, so stupid, and so dead,
 ‘ We ran to hell without or fear or dread ;
 ‘ If e’er we pray’d we quickly sinn’d again,
 ‘ And with our conscience did a war maintain—
 ‘ Or when it cried, we hush’d it down to sleep,
 ‘ And vow’d to mend, tho’ not one vow did keep.
 ‘ Thus on we went, and shou’d, for ought we know,
 ‘ ’Til death surpris’d us with a deadly blow ;
 ‘ Had not kind heav’n, who cast a gracious eye
 (When we all welt’ring in our sins did lie)
 ‘ Upon our souls, and would not pass us by. }
 ‘ Then soon his servants God amongst us sent,
 ‘ In fields to summon sinners to repent ;
 ‘ By them alarm’d we started out of sleep,
 ‘ Our danger saw, which made us sigh and weep,
 ‘ Our eyes were ope’, our hearts were melted down,
 ‘ When God he saw upon our souls did frown—
 ‘ Confounded—plung’d in grief—we loudly cried
 ‘ For peace to him who for poor sinners died.
 ‘ WESLEY himself, and those he sent among us,
 ‘ Our souls to save, and not to hurt and wrong us,
 ‘ They quickly shew’d us CHRIST’s atoning blood,
 ‘ A thing before we little understood,—
 ‘ A pardon preach’d thro’ his all-saying name—
 ‘ We heard—believ’d—and instant felt the same.
 ‘ Life from the dead we now receiv’d thro’ grace,
 ‘ And saw with joy God’s reconciled face :
 ‘ Our raptur’d minds with peace and joy abounded,
 ‘ While in our ears the gospel-trumpet sounded.

Now

' Now justified by saving faith we sing,
 ' And make our houses with God's praises ring—
 ' Hail great Immanuel, thou wast born to save ;
 ' To loose the captive, and redeem the slave ;
 ' To cleanse the leper, and to raise the dead,
 ' The poor to feed with soul-refreshing bread ;
 ' To heal the sick, and make the lame to run,
 ' *All which we witness thou for us hast done.*
 ' Hail blest Immanuel ! thee our souls adore,
 ' Who hast enrich'd us with thy heav'nly store,
 ' By whom we live—and shall for evermore.' }

Among the first and best was *Calladine*,
 Who long in grace near *Dunnington* did shine.
 In early life he sought the SAVIOUR dear ;
 And sought in vain his precious truths to hear.
 He went about in search of righteous men,
 But few he found were in the country then :
 At length God sent the Methodists about,
 And *Calladine*, he quickly found them out.
 The gracious man's both heart and house receiv'd 'em ;
 The truths they preach'd he cordially believ'd them :
 His heart bore witness to their saving power,
 In which he triumph'd to his dying hour.
Three times a child this holy man appear'd ;
 When young, when old, and when the truth he heard ;
 Of woman born---born also from above,
 And shew'd his faith by works that sprang from love.
 His love diffus'd and spread the country o'er,
 But chiefly fix'd upon the righteous poor,
 Who always went rejoicing from his door,
 Ah happy isle ! could every parish shew,
 Some *Calladines*, like him who JESUS know,
 And in his steps, as he in CHRIST's did go ! }

With him at length their happy souls would prove,
The heights and depths of CHRIST's redeeming love.

Avaunt my muse, once more thy pinions try,
And from the centre of the kingdom fly ;
Survey God's work towards the western shore,
And view some parts we have not view'd before.

Manchester, Liverpool, West Chester too,

There JESUS found much work for him to do.

In all these places, and the country round,
There now are thousands of bright Christians found,
Converted since field preaching did abound. }

Their word at first, but few, alas, believed,
Or for their own, and others follies grieved,
Altho' the trumpet night and morning sounded,
And gospel truths their list'ning ears confounded.

But few were willing from their sins to part,
So blind the conscience, and so hard the heart !

The love of riches did their minds bewitch,
They car'd for little, if they were but rich.

But riches fuel for their lusts supplied,
And hence they each satannic engine try'd,
Their lusts to satiate, and indulge their pride. }

The case was here as in the days of old,
For many, Esau-like, their birth-right sold, }
For pleasure, honour, merchandise, and gold. }

Here every method, every art is try'd, }
At home, abroad, by land, and sea beside, }
To bring in riches with each flowing tide. }
They stretch their brains, and every nerve unstring,
The arts of trade to full perfection bring.

For gold and men in Africa they trade,
And merchandise of fellow-creatures made.

• But say, what harm in this, why this condemn ?

• For trade is useful, why then censure them ?

'Tis

‘Tis worthy praise—how could men live without it ?

‘ We hence applaud whoever sets about it.’

But is it worthy praise mens souls to loose ?

Or yet their fellow-mortals to abuse ?

What ! worthy praise to merchandise with men ?

Or sell or murder for poor sordid gain ?

If men to farms, or other merchandise,

Will haste away, nor take our LORD’s advice—

When God’s blest kingdom and his righteousness,

Not *first* but *last* in men’s esteem have place---

When love of pleasure, profit, honour, ease,

Their souls endanger, and their God displease ;

Shall we praise such who thus their souls neglect,

And for their business gospel-grace reject ?

And say, in fact, was it not thus with most,

When first field-preaching came upon this coast ?

In sleep profound---or dead in sin they lay,

Of grace devoid---to sin and hell a prey,

With scarce one chearing beam of gospel day.

Secure of blis in their own sight they seem’d,

Tho’ quite estrang’d from him who man redeem’d !

If hard they labour’d, and to church did go,

Injur’d no man, but paid what they did owe---

Upright in dealing, and in heart sincere,

No room was left, they thought, for doubt or fear.

‘Tis granted, these all in themselves are good,

But will they do without a SAVIOUR’s blood ?

I mean not as that blood long since was spilt,

To make atonement for all human guilt :

But as that blood by faith is close applied,

By which the guilty soul is justified,

A witness finds that God is reconcil’d,

Who now adopts him for a favour’d child.

’Tis

'Tis clear as light, upon the gospel-plan,
 Howe'er men strive, or do whate'er they can,
 Themselves they cannot save, nor justify,
 But must by faith to CHRIST's redemption fly:
Unborn again no man can enter heaven,
 No more than culprits who are unforgiven.

But who these truths or felt or understood,
 Among the learn'd, or wise, or those deem'd good,
 'Til loud proclaim'd in fields and streets they were,
 Among the crouds who came these truths to hear?
 O precious truths which from the fountains flow,
 Of CHRIST and scripture, as real christians know!
 These truths inscrib'd upon the heart and mind,
 By GOD's own hand all holy christians find!
 O happy island, where these truths appear
 As bright as sun beams, they are preach'd so clear!
 O happy souls, who in these parts have prov'd,
 How much the SAVIOUR their lost souls has lov'd!
 Stand forth ye witnesses of JESU's love,
 Who all its lengths, and breadths, and heights do prove,
 To all your neighbours---to the world proclaim,
 The saving virtues of your SAVIOUR's name!
 When dead in trespasses and sins you lay,
 Tell them the blest, the bright auspicious day,
 When life divine first warn'd your rising soul,
 And light divine did on your eye-balls roll,
 Tell them the men whom GOD hath useful made,
 Your souls to waken, soften and persuade.
 Tell them the time when your espousals were ;
 Tell them the place when your redeemer dear
 Your sins forgave, and your sad hearts did chear. }
 Invite them, court them, and by ev'ry art,
 Persuade them from each Delilah to part,

Their

Their sins forsake, and to their SAVIOUR fly,
Who waits to pardon, save, and sanctify.

Mark in these towns how every day they meet,
And classes form almost in ev'ry street :

They meet ! not like the sons of dissipation,
Spread o'er the surface of this sinful nation,

Who spend their time in riot and excess,
But God to serve, and their redeemer bless.

They pour their prayers in heav'n's attentive ear,
Their hearts to change, and fill with love and fear,
And fully save and sanctify them here :

Their king, their country, and their offspring bless,
With life, with liberty, health, grace and peace,
'Til sins, and suff'rings, wars and woes shall cease.

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C A N T O X.

+++++

ONCE more take wing and cross *Hibernian* seas,
In *Ireland* view whatever part you please ;
For there the SAVIOUR set his standard up,
And call'd by grace, and chose a holy troop.
Inspir'd by love when WESLEY took in hand,
To sound his clarion through Hybernja's land,
And preach the gospel, and his preachers too.
They soon perceiv'd God had great work to do.
That fertile land too long had been oppress'd,
Its wretched poor in every sense distress'd,

By

By laws restricted from a foreign trade,
 By which their produce little money made ;
 By lands sub-set, from upper tenants taken,
 And doubly rented, if I'm not mistaken ;
 By penal laws the papists lay in chains,
 And Protestants earn'd little by their pains :
 That fertile land bad policy kept poor
 As numbers here who beg from door to door.
 The crawling clergy all their dues exacted,
 However ill they in their places acted :
 The naked pheasants in their cabins starve,
 While salt and 'tatoes for best viands serve.
 Yet worst of all, most precious souls were blinded,
 By priests and tygers who their own interests minded :
 And protestants were plainly carnal grown,
 Thro' all the country, and in every town.
 Pale meagre want is in most cabins found,
 While superstition in their hearts abound,
 And fable shades involve the island round. }

Then WESLEY's preachers, in the fields abroad,
 Invited sinners to return to God,
 Proclaim'd the truth without or fear or shame,
 And sweetly sounded Jesu's saving name.
 At this all hell rose up in open arms,
 [For Jesu's name thro' hell sounds dire alarms]
 Satan his sons and myrmidons let loose,
 And every art and species of abuse
 Essay'd in vain---the reverend father's sons
 Escap'd his spight, and quell'd his myrmidons.

----- Ah Cork !

How were thy sons by Satan set to work !
 Papist and protestant, both bond and free,
 Combin'd to persecute you there might see !

Priests,

Priests, magistrates, and gentry went about
 T' increase the number of the rabble-rout :
 Their riches, learning, sacred, civil power,
 Were prostituted in that evil hour.
 Dear LORD ! what is it men would not essay,
 Against the righteous who thy will obey.
Men ! retract my muse, that name they forfeit,
 To call *such men* would give to men a surfeit—
 Incarnate devils in the shape of men,
 (For magistrates were raggamuffins then)
 Who seiz'd the preachers, and to prison sent,
 Prefer'd indictments with a vile intent,
 To doom God's servants unto transportation,
 To the great scandal of a christian nation.
Men are humane, and reason bears the sway—
 But reason there and manners flew away,
 And left the brutes, like tygers all behind,
 Imbru'd with rage, and of a savage mind.
 But thanks to heaven ! and thanks to human laws,
 These tygers soon were muzzled by the jaws ;
 And *Butler*, with his sanguine crew were fain
 To set them free, by which they laurels gain.
 Such treatment did the gospel meet in *Cork*,
 Where Satan reign'd, and long had been at work.
 Luxurious *Cork !* where *Ceres* deck'd each board
 With every product which the fields afford ;
 Where fowl, and fish, and gen'rous wines unite
 To glut or whet the pallid appetite !
 Thy buxom sons at length attention gave,
 Thy brilliant daughters fought their souls to save ;
 While crouds attended preaching every night,
 And rose to pray before the morning light,

L

Thus

Thus peace restor'd, sweet liberty regain'd,
 King Mob no more in anarchy now reign'd :
 Oppressed truth, like palm-trees faster grew,
 And round the land the gospel-trumpet blew :
 The truth took root and like a tree did bloom,
 And grew till fruit were to perfection come ;
 For persecutor's hands a polish give,
 The more oppos'd, the brighter christians live.

In *Waterford*, in *Bandon*, and *King'sale*,
 All-conquering truth did mightily prevail :
 In *Dublin* greens, the seat of the vice-roy,
 The people flock'd to hear the word with joy,
 And hundreds felt the gospel's saving power,
 Believ'd, were sav'd, and happy from that hour.

At *Birr*, *Athlone*, and round the Shannon's streams
 The preachers preach'd, and people sang their hymns ;
 At *Mellock's mount*, at *Limerick*, and elsewhere,
 The crouds flock'd in the gospel-truths to hear, }
 Which humble penitents with comforts chear.

If joy in heaven is found when one repents,
 And for his sins with sincere heart relents
 What floods of joys extatic swell each breast,
 When thousands turn, and taste the gospel-feast !
 Such was the case in this benighted land,
 When *Patrick* first to teach them took in hand—
 Such was the case when *WESLEY* cross'd the main,
 Then Ireland saw a rising sun again.

Thou sun of righteousness break forth and shine,
 And life convey in every beam of thine :
 Yea let thy beams dart thro' each darken'd mind,
 And with thy light, thy life may sinners find.
 Diffuse thy genial rays all o'er *Hibernia's* land,
 Till purblind papists truth shall understand :

May saving rays upon each eye-ball fall,
 Till Ireland shines—her sons enlighten'd all.
 Send forth thy truth and bid it run with speed,
 [For ah, that land, like many more hath need !]
 Command it thro' the Isle each cot to find,
 To call, and leave a blessing LORD behind.
 O'er bogs, and mountains, woodlands, and fine plains,
 See how the gospel greater ground still gains !
 Till in the pleasing regions of the north,
 The SAVIOUR sends his faithful servants forth.
 In *Newry*, *Lurgan*, *Lisburn*, and *Belfast*,
 There many souls the gospel supper taste,
 And find the sweetness of that blest repast. }
 Their souls are nourished, and they grow in graces,
 Both there, and round in many neighbouring places :
 In *Tandragee*, likewise in *Portadown*,
 And in *Armagh*, and almost every town }
 Throughout the north, the SAVIOUR's name is known.
 Is known, alas ! yet known to very few,
 Compar'd with those who JESUS never knew.

Ride on, dear LORD, and by thy saving name }
 The glorious gospel thro' the bogs proclaim ;
 Make sinners turn—and wildest Irish tame. }
 Awake, awake, as in the ancient days,
 Raise up a seed to sing thy glorious praise ;
 That seed refresh, and water with a shower—
 All o'er the land thy spirit largely pour,
 The wilderness shall then a pool become,
 And men, like fish, be caught and taken home.

From *ancient Scotia's* hills and fertile plains,
 Whose blooming nymphs and active limbed swains,
 O'er quaking bogs with lightsome vigour run,
 To *Scotland* fly, and see what there is done.

Here useful science in all branches shines ;
 Historians, Poets, Doctors, and Divines,
 Of parts, of learning, and of zeal possess'd,
 Who equal all, if not excel the best.
 Here grace for ages did an empire keep,
 Whose suppliant subjects for their sins did weep ;
 Their manners simple, and their minds sedate,
 Altho' attach'd to principles of fate.
 Wise are their heads, yet rigid are their hearts,
 Except when polish'd by the lib'ral arts :
 Their persons graceful, and demeanor plain,
 To strangers civil, yet a little vain.
 But if we their forefather's case survey,
 And run the parallel with this our day,
 Is there not cause for *charity* to dread,
 That tho' religion yet lives in the head,
 Their hearts are cold, and their affections dead. }
 I mean not here to censure all at once,
 Such censures suit a blind bigotted dunce :
 But if the dead should visit earth again,
 Would they not judge that most are very vain ?
 If *Knox* should rise, and thro' North-Britain walk,
 With much surprise, methinks he'd hear 'em talk !
 But if their actions were with this compar'd,
 Whether of Clergy, Lady, or of Laird ;
 What would he say ? or what in reason think ?
 ' That most are sleeping on destruction's brink.
 ' Tho' far more learn'd, yet far less pious they ;
 ' Tho' polish'd more, yet less inur'd to pray ;
 ' Tho' richer far with worldly wealth endow'd,
 ' Yet far less grace is on their hearts bestow'd.
 ' *They have not, for they ask not* with such zeal
 ' As in times past their ancestors did feel.'

Compare

Compare their Sabbath-keeping, and their dress,
 Their doctrines, actions, language—more or less,
 In all these points they differ from that day,
 When Cots were Kirks, in which to sing and pray,
 And souls devout thus pass'd their time away,
 If trees by fruits are known or good or bad,
 'Tis sure of old they more religion had.

The muse intends not any to offend,
 And mentions these with views to make them mend :
 With wat'ry eyes she oft has view'd the danger
 North Britain's in, although she was a stranger.
 With aching heart, and passions warmly glowing,
 (Altho' she knows than her they're far more knowing)
 In early morn, and late at lying down,
 The gospel-seed she in their fields has sown—
 Their souls she loves, their good has often sought,
 And joy'd to see what God for them has wrought.

Awake, arise, ye *Caledonians* come,
 O come to CHRIST, for you there still is room.

Hark, hark ! among the well-brac'd lads and lasses,
 There's scarce a morning or an evening passes,
 But grace is publish'd by God's servants sent
 In JESU's name, to call them to repent.
 In highlands, lowlands, and along the shore,
 Hark how the sons of thunder rend and roar !

With hearts upright, with language plain and warm,
 Your good they seek—and therefore sound th' alarm,
 Attend ! and of all prejudice disarm.

Attend with candour, and receive their word,
 Who surely are the servants of the LORD.

Are you so good you need be made no better ?
 Have you religion's life as well as letter ?

The form you have, have you religion's power ?
 Should death approach, are you prepar'd this hour ?

Are

Are you so warm you need no other fire ?
 So near to CHRIST you need be brought no nigher ?
 Or are your clergy such great men indeed,
 That of assistance they ne'er stand in need ?
 Sure GOD at all times sends by whom he will,
 As Moses erst at Horeb's holy hill :
 Experience proves the plainest simplest teachers,
 Are oft among the usefulest of preachers :
 And while such travel up and down your nation,
 And preach to all of every rank and station,
 Dare you aver that GOD did never send them ?
 But if he did, your ears you ought to lend them.
 If GOD has sent them to these southern parts,
 And bless'd them here by turning sinners hearts,
 Why send them not to you, altho' like thunder-darts ?
 If so, embrace them as your helpers still
 To save your souls, and publish heaven's will.
 Go forth, go forth ye messengers of heaven ;
 Each soul converted proves your mission given—
 Redeem your time, improve the present hour,
 Satan lies wait to catch men and devour—
 To snatch them from him always ready stand,
 Both late and early at your LORD's command.
 Seize the young sinner as to hell he flies ;
Compel him to come in, or else he dies :
 Catch the old sinners, as to hell they fall,
 And point them to him who died for all.
 Awake the sleepy, rouse his drowsy soul,
 Till wide awake, he for his sins shall howl,
 And on the LORD his heavy burthens roll.
 On *Caledonian* hills the trumpet found,
 In groves, on rocks, in plains, or hollow ground,
 Till every sinner has the SAVIOUR found.

See

See how the bleating flocks are gone astray,
 While yet their shepherds in their tents do stay !
 Pursue the wanderers on the mountains bleak,
 As shepherds do when they their stragglers seek, }
 And as you follow, thus their ears bespeak.

‘ Return ye wanderers to your dying LORD,
 ‘ He calls, intreats, and woos you by my word
 ‘ To haste, and ’scape—for O the wolf is nigh, }
 ‘ And seeks to seize you as he passes by,
 ‘ Haste, haste to folds where you may safely lie. }
 ‘ There glides the cooling stream, and there the shade ;
 ‘ And there the juicy grafs of tender blade---
 ‘ There lands may browse upon the sloping brow,
 ‘ Where tender plants and sweetest herbage grow.
 ‘ The shepherd good his sheep both knows and names,
 ‘ And those he washes in the cleansing streams ;
 ‘ Defends them from the sun’s directer ray,
 ‘ When scorching heat would melt them in the day ;
 ‘ And when the evening breeze begins to blow,
 ‘ Or when expos’d to pinching frost and snow,
 ‘ He constant folds and feeds with watchful care,
 ‘ And nothing for your comfort’s wanting there.’

Your shepherd loves you, and for you he paid

His life a ransom, when you captives laid

Expos’d to hell, by hell’s devouring thief,

He dying bought your freedom and relief.

Return, return, why did you run astray ?

And now your shepherd waits, why keep away ?

Himself he comes, and *in his servants* cries,

‘ Why should you want when near such rich supplies ?

‘ Return to me, I bought you with my blood,

‘ Aton’d for sin, and made your peace with God :

‘ If ragg’d and bare, I’ll clothe with righteousness,

‘ And with rich graces all your souls I’ll dress :

‘ If

' If rent and tore and near the verge of death,
 ' Your wouuds I'll heal, inspiring vital breath :
 ' You yet shall live---shall live and reign above,
 ' And taste the sweets of everlasting love.'

Thus spake the shepherd, till the wand'ring sheep,
 Charm'd with his voice, began to bleat and weep ;
 Their heads lift up, the fold and shepherd saw, }
 His voice and fold again began to know, }
 And by his pipe allur'd, did near him draw. }
 He goes before, may they all follow after,
 And happy now---be much more so hereafter.

Ye under-shepherds, still your circuits steep, }
 And night and day attend the shepherd's sheep, }
 And pray for them when others play or sleep. }
 Then when the shepherd shall himself appear, }
 His sheep to bless, and that with endless cheer, }
 At his right hand, may you and I be there ! }
 Till which blest day, which life and strength shall last,
 Pursue the wanderers and pursue them fast.
 From shore to shore, and round North-Britain fly, }
 Both every town and every village try, }
 And passing shout, *turn ! turn ! why will you die ?* }

In many places you have preach'd indeed,
 And some, 'tis fear'd, with very little speed :
 What then ? perhaps the season is not come,
 [For doubtless, *special seasons* there are some]
 When God shall pour his spirit richly forth
 Upon the bleak regions of the north,
 How many places in South-Britain are, }
 Where long you labour'd with great toil and care, }
 With little fruit, where much doth now appear. }

In *Edinburgh, Dundee, and Aberdeen,*
 A glorious work on souls has oft been seen :

Dispute

Dispute not with them, but the truth declare,
 Wrestle with God by fasting and by prayer :
 Who knows but God his work may yet revive,
 And from their minds each hellish dæmon drive,
 May blow the spark which under embers lie,
 Till flames shall rise, and blaze in earth and sky ?
 From *Orkney Isles* to *Berwick upon Tweed*,
 Send forth thy grace, and send it LORD with speed ;
 The work is thine, 'tis thou alone canst save,
 And snatch lost sinners from the gaping grave.
 Speak LORD, the deaf shall hear, the dead shall rise ;
 Speak lepers clean, and speak them to the skies !
 The world to make did cost thee but a word,
 And art thou not the same ALMIGHTY LORD ?
 Speak then—it will but cost another word,
 And all North Britain then shall know the LORD.

C A N T O XI.

FROM bracing breezes in the rigid north,
 Where solar-beams late bring the foliage forth,
 Or summer-suns scarce mellow summer-fruits,
 To warmer climes we fly where best it suits :
 And as we pass to Britain's southmost land,
 A moment light, near *Stockton* make a stand.
 Through all the country in this neighbourhood,
 'Tis plain field preachers quickly did much good,

At *Stockton, Yarm, Hutton, and Stokesley* too,
Much God has done, and more he has to do.

————— Rise ! SAVIOUR, rise !
And stretch thy mighty arm thro' earth and skies, }
Till all the powers of hell before thee flies. }

Let sinners hear the thunders of thy law—
Whom terror drives not let thy goodness draw :
Level thy arrows at the rebel's heart,
Or thro' his liver strike a pointed dart :
The stone dissolve, the stubborn neck bow down, }
Till every heart in ev'ry neighbouring town }
Submit to thee, and all thy goodness own.
Some happy christians in these places live ;
Yet still more happiness to each one give :
Increase their faith, their hope, their love increase,
And fill their souls with light and life and peace.

Wide spread thy wings o'er every bordering vale,
[All which to name our very time would fail]
Embrace the mountains in thy blessed arms,
And keep thy saints from sin and satan's charms.
The country through, quite from the springs of tweed,
To *Albion's* southmost limits, bless indeed.
Fly o'er the land, and blessings rich pour down }
On every heart in every house and town, }
And let thy presence all those blessings crown. }

At *Barnard-castle, and at Darlington,*
What mighty wonders God hath lately done.
And thro' the country in each little place,
You sinners find who sing redeeming grace.
Ride cross the nation here, and if you please
[From the German ocean to the Irish seas]
God's work survey.—To *Whitehaven* you find
The dear redeemer has been very kind—

At Cockermonth, Workington, and Carlisle,
 And on the northern borders of this isle,
 The *sinners friend* has long look'd with a smile.
 String up my muse, and brace a few notes higher,
 Strike every string, and touch each warbling wire,
 For sinner's good, and JESU's praise aspire.
 Mark how the Colliers and the daring Tars
 Unite by grace, and fight in JESU's wars.
 Bold champions erst in Satan's cause they fought,
 Nor once about their souls scarce ever thought:
 Intrepid, brave, they scorn'd in vice to yield
 To any heroes in the devil's field—
 They drink and dance, they wrestle, fight or play,
 In various scenes they pass their time away,
 Yet worst of all upon the Sabbath day.
 Brave jovial blades who think there none are like them,
 For who dare swear, or lie, or drink, or fight them.
 Their throats breathe stench—their tongues spit fire about,
 Burn who it will, they ne'er will put it out.
 The worst they honour, and the best disgrace,
 Equal to them who they affront or praise,
 As they condemn or justify their ways.
 And thus, alas! they ran in haste to hell,
 Yet bless'd themselves, as if were doing well.
 In vain the Parsons preach, or read the prayers,
 While for his soul each scarce a button cares;
 And therefore seldom to the church they went,
 Or for their sins determined to repent.
 But JESUS sends his faithful servants out,
 And in the fields and streets they preach about,
 The jovial Tar, and his companions brave,
 Run fast to hear, and special sport to have,

The hero brave, the bold itinerant,
 Who for the good of precious souls does pant,
 Unaw'd by threats, unmov'd by all their noise,
 His arrows shoot 'mong women, men, and boy
 His master points each bearded arrow sent,
 Which callous hearts do soon asunder rent.
 The tar he stands, and for a little season,
 Begins to fear he soon may lose his reason,
 Such keen conviction rend his heart in pieces;
 Yet throws himself upon the love of JESUS.
 Ah! what a change! the sinner now relents,
 And of his sins sincerely he repents.
 He weeps—he prays—and with a broken heart,
 Henceforth resolves with all his sins to part.
 He's *born again*—and every one that knew him,
 Surpriz'd they stand whenever now they view him.
 His temper, words, and actions, ah! how chang'd!
 The man who late from God was quite estrang'd,
 To God is reconcil'd—and now he knows
 The dear REDEEMER undertook his cause,
 Procur'd his peace, and bought him with his blood,
 And hence, confess'd, he stands a child of God.

Thus publicans and sinners still confess
 Their numerous sins, and JESUS' righteousness,
 And stand approv'd before the Pharisees. }
 The publican no subterfuge can find
 To screen and ease his vast distressed mind,
 But public-robber like, when catch'd he knows
 His life is forfeited by righteous laws;
 Their conscious guilt the swiftest witness is
 To prove each charge in what they've done amiss.
 They nothing plead, for they have nought to say,
 But save, Lord save, and take my sins away.

And

And now survey this country all around,
 For numerous instances such-like are found,
 Such striking wonders of redeeming grace,
 As thousands know, and own to be the case.
 Set sail, my muse, and reach the *Isle of Man*,
 For their field-preachers labour all they can—
 ————— Nor is their labour vain,
 Since thro' their labours some are born again.
 For many souls who erst were blind and rude,
 Who smuggled, smok'd, danc'd, drank, and spew'd,
 Are now quite sober, and with grace endued,
 'Tis grace subdues the stoutest rebel's heart,
 And makes him willing with his sins to part;
 What else at *Douglafs*, and at *Ramsay-Bay*,
 Could make such sinners sweetly sing and pray?

Hark how the island, late a mole of sin,
 Which greedy drank the deadly poison in—
 Hark how it sounds with hymns of praise and prayer,
 While preachers preach, and God is working there?
 The narrow island quite from shore to shore,
 O'er barren mounts, and where fierce billows roar,
 The word receives, and glad the Truth drinks in,
 Themselves condemn, and banish ev'ry sin!
 On sterile mountains, and in fatter vales,
 An arm divine o'er Satan's power prevails!
 Converts his sons—adopts as heirs of heaven—
 Their sins forgives, and purges the old leaven.

Oh what a change is in this island made,
 Since tribute due to Britain it has paid,
 Which strongly curb'd its wonted smuggling trade!
 Since which great WESLEY did his preachers send,
 Their souls to save, and help their lives to mend.

Go on, ye friends to human kind go on,
 Preach, watch, and pray, 'till all your work is done :
 Search ev'ry corner of these British isles,
 Where Satan reigns, and cursed sin defiles,
 Nor fear on you the great REDEEMER smiles. }

The Irish hills, the Caledonian vales,
 Old England's bounds, and all the coasts of Wales,
 Examine strict where sin or sinners dwell,
 And use all means to save their souls from hell.

Avaunt my muse, the little island quit,
 Which at the centre from the shores does sit.
 As surging waves this little isle surround,
 Embrace it Lord—and let thy grace abound,
 'Till each inhabitant in CHRIST is found. }

The muse shall then rejoicing spread her sails,
 To England bound, yet stop a while in Wales.
 Here flow the streams of ancient British blood,
 Who erst the force of Cæsar's arms withstood :
 Who struggled hard, as hawks their bills may try
 With eagles' talons, but soon fall or fly:
 Thus falls, thus flies the ancestors of Wales,
 And refuge seek in hills, in rocks, and dales,
 While Roman power o'er Britain's sons prevails. }

From Romans free—but yet by Satan bound
 In chains of vice, and floods of folly drown'd,
 They lay for ages—'till by CHRIST were found. }

JESUS, to-day, as yesterday the same,
 Lost souls to seek into this country came :
 He found them sunk in Nature's midnight gloom,
 As dead as bodies lodg'd beneath a tomb—
 Corrupt as *Martha's* much-lov'd brother lay,
 When Jesus wept—and thus did sighing say,
Lazarus ! come forth, and stand in open day. }

With

With like compassion, and with equal power,
 The dear REDEEMER in a gracious hour,
 Wept over Wales—then spake the word divine,
 Arise, come forth, and in my graces shine!

Thousands have heard the quick'ning word of grace,
 And living see God's reconcil'd face:

Their minds are rais'd above this sordid earth,
 And, happy, they have known the *second birth*!
 O glorious change! a principle divine!

Which metaphysics never can define,
 Ennobles nature, and exalts the mind
 To heights of bliss, at first by heaven design'd
 For all the sons and daughters of mankind. }

As branches from the root their sap derive,
 By which alone they live, and bloom and thrive;
 So *David's Root* their souls with grace supplies,
 Which feeds and ripens them for Paradise,
 Hence fruit is found on barren hills in Wales, }
 'Mong stony cliffs, and in the deepest dales, }
 Where'er the saving power of CHRIST prevails. }
 Here trees of righteousness do spring and bloom,
 Where'er the Gospel and field-preachers come;
 They all the year display a constant spring,
 And many fruit unto perfection bring.

Go on great husbandman, and with thy hand
 Still cultivate this stony sterile land;
 Break up the fallows, and the stones remove,
 And ev'ry heart enrich with grace and love.
 Wide-spread the Gospel-seed with thy own hand
 In ev'ry corner of that barren land!

And blest it with an hundred fold increase, }
 'Till all their souls replenish'd are with grace, }
 And from all sin, and sinful passions cease.

Thus

Thus may each soul to full perfection grow,
 'Till ripe for heaven they flourish here below,
 And then to better climes may Angels bear
 Their happy souls, to grow for ever there.

From Wales to Wiltshire let the muse now fly,
 Yet touch at *Bath* or *Bristol* passing by.—
 Mercantile men how busy here they seem
 For earthly bliss, which yet is but a dream!
 Yet dreams oft please the jocund airy mind,
 Which, wing'd with fancy, hoping pearls to find
 To India flies—but waking, finds the cheat;
 And sighs with disappointment and regret.
 Ah empty world! what millions are deceiv'd
 With dreams of bliss who have those dreams believ'd?
 Were but the tythe of all the care and pain
 Which men employ to compass worldly gain,
 Employ'd to find substantial joy and bliss,
 How few of joy substantial e'er wou'd miss?

Among the crouds at this vast busy place*,
 A few are found who run the heavenly race,
 Who' long have run, and yet hold on thro' grace. }
The perfect mark, the upright man behold!
 He grows in grace as he in days grows old:
 The earth and heavens his different parts receive,
 His dust with dust, his soul with God shall live.
 The end of man his vast importance shows:
 The mighty point is, *whither then he goes!*
 Such perfect souls, with such an upright heart
 As hates all sin, and from all sin does part,
 Whose ends were peace, as many thousands know,
 When they with joy from you to heaven did go.

* Bristol,

Have not your eyes with much surprize oft seen,
Since first field-preaching in your fields has been?

For forty years with retrospective view,
Survey the numbers which since then you knew,
Who liv'd upright, and sweetly died in peace,

Among the people called the *Methodists*.
Survey the living in your city found,
In *Kingswood*, and in all the country round;
Their tempers, actions, and their words survey,
Early and late, or when they work and pray,
On Sabbath, or on any working day.

I say not *now*, let candour speak her mind,
Or Justice sentence pass, where she's not blind,
But *prejudice* itself, the worst you find.

To *jaundic'd prejudice* itself I say,
Are there not multitudes in this our day,
Of every trade, and every station near,
Who worship God in holy love and fear,
Or join'd with them, or such who constant hear?
But were they such at all in former days?

Appeal to facts—to all their former ways.

Admitting then what prejudice admits,
(For prejudice itself speaks truth by fits,)
Is it not plain that God this change hath wrought,
A mighty change, to much perfection brought?

For who but God can turn a sinner's heart,
And make him from his darling sins depart?
Such means God uses as to him seems best,
Of which, most sure, none ought to make a jest.

And seeing that the *Methodists* he uses,
Pray why should men in ridicule abuse us?
Since God does own, let prejudice then tell,
If he himself that's *prejudic'd* does well.

N

Why

Why are you prejudic'd against such tools
 As God makes use of to convert men's souls?
 A fact so clear, and on all sides confest,
 Whoe'er denies can surely only jest.

But prejudice aside, let *candour* speak,
 Her eyes are clear, her temper calm and meek,
Candour confesses that much good is done,
 And that field-preaching hath great laurels won.
Candour can see that thousands in the nation,
 By grace are sav'd, of every rank and station,
 Who late were deep immers'd in sin and vice,
 But *born of God*, are fit for Paradise.

Numbers of these ne'er went to church before,
 Yet daily now frequent the church's door.
 Their conscience, as their conduct plainly shews,
 Regards and strictly keeps God's holy laws:
 A change so obvious to the candid eye,
 It needs no glasses that great change to spy.

Let *Justice* come, for she with even scales,
 Weighs matters fairly, and by truth prevails.
Truth will demonstrate that throughout the land,
 (So far as human hearts can understand)
 Thieves are turn'd honest, true unto their trust,
 The drunkard sober, and purloiner just;
 The lecher vile, who neigh'd with keen desire,
 For neighb'ring dames, with passions all on fire,
 Is pure and chaste, like turtle doves become,
 And in his breast bright heavenly flames find room.
 The roaring lions and the dancing bears,
 Are tame as doves, and tim'rous now as hares,
 Afraid to sin, or neighbour's peace to break,
 As slightest faults their consciences now check.
 If in their breasts bright windows placed were
 That all might see whatever passes there,

Surpris'd

Surpris'd inspectors soon would be to find
 No sin allow'd, or reigning in the mind.
 Where Satan kept his seat, where dæmons fell
 Reign'd in the heart, and made the heart a hell,
 There holy tempers, and God's spirit dwell.
 These facts are certain, and by *truth* confest,
 Which *justice* owns as well as all the rest.
 Thus *prejudice* itself, and *candour* too,
 With *truth* and *justice* own these facts are true.

But if 'tis so, then may I not enquire,
 Why prejudice should any breast inspire,
 And burn against them with unhallow'd fire?
 Yea, if 'tis so, the muse enquires again,
 How can it be that any sober men
 Should not this cause espouse with heart and hand,
 And strive to spread it thro' this wicked land?
 The cause is God's, which facts will more than prove,
 And why not then this cause espouse and love?
 'Tis true, some vainly think there is no need,
 Because the church sufficient is indeed,
 But did the church these multitudes convert?
 Or yet dissenters break the sinner's heart?
 The muse abhors to censure clergymen,
 Yet truth is truth, and therefore asks again
Who were the first who in this wicked nation
 When God begun the *present reformation*,
 Which he did honour with his powerful word,
 By which such numbers *now* do know the lord?
 Were not the WESLEYS and bold WHILFIELD too,
 The *first* who dar'd to travel too and fro;
 The men to whom this honour Heaven gave,
 As instruments so many souls to save?

Allow'd, there many are within the land,
 Who *now* God's work both feel and understand;
 Who love it, preach it, and believe it too,
 And by their conduct shew men what to do,
 Who yet are not with WESLEY in connexion,
 Nor yet their judgments of the same complexion;
 But what of that? if you the streams will trace
 Up to the fountain, 'tis a certain case,
 Those very streams by proper derivation,
 Tho' scattered up and down throughout the nation,
 Their use first owe to WESLEY or WHITFIELD,
 Since first they went to preach in open field.

Who can deny the present happy change,
 So clearly seen as o'er the land you range,
 Did not originate from those brave men
 Who constant cry'd, *ye must be born again?*
 By these great men the seed at first was sown,
 Which now to such a harvest great is grown.

This land was barren like a wilderness,
 (If human hearts we by their actions guess)
 Few blades of grace did in South Britain grow,
 When first these seedsmen did begin to sow.
 'Tis true, that God alone the encrease gives,
 Whoever sows, or wheresoe'er he lives:
 Yet 'tis as true he some men's labour owns,
 And with his blessing their endeavours crowns,
 As that on many others works he frowns. }
 And say, only with truth and candour speak,
 If you thro' *Bristol, Bath, and Kingwood* seek;
 Or through the land should take a private tour,
 Where will you persons find at this bless'd hour
 Who know, thro' grace, and feel their sins forgiven,
 And by pure love are now prepar'd for heaven,

Who

Who will not own, *direct*, or *indirect*,
 That GOD by them hath wrought this great effect?
 The *Methodists* are like a spreading tree,
 Whose root is CHRIST, whose sap his graces be!
 Its branches spread all o'er the English nation,
 And yet consist of every sect and station.
 This tree is fruitful thro' its root divine,
 And on each branch the leaves and blossoms shine:
 The showers of grace, the solar genial rays,
 Ripen its fruit, and have for many days.
 How many souls, since first this tree took root,
 Have angels pluck'd like ripe autumnal fruit?
 How many more are rip'ning every day,
 Which angels soon will pluck and bear away, }
 Tho' some perhaps may wither and decay.
 Shine heavenly sun, emit thy genial heat,
 Descend prolific dews, the sun beams meet;
 Let heavenly breezes fan the spreading tree,
 And O, dear SAVIOUR, *make them blow on me.*

C A N T O XII.

O WHAT an awful thing it is to think
 What thousands still are on destructions brink!
 O, what an awful truth it is to tell,
 That millions daily hurry on to Hell!
 Step in, step in, thou SAVIOUR dear, between,
 Thy arm make bare, and let thy power be seen:

All

All avenues which to destruction lead,
 All pleasing paths which sinful passions feed,
 Let thy kind hand at *Bath* and *Bristol* stop,
 And make the gay their sinful scenes give up.
 Strait is the path where virtue walks to heaven,
 Yet true it is no other way is given.
 How few or find, or tread that narrow road,
 Altho' it leads to glory,—leads to God!

What fools are men when they should be most wise!
 When med'cines fail the sick to *Bath* he flies,—
 Perhaps the waters may his health restore,
 While wine and women make him sin the more.
 Debauch'd his mind—debauch'd his morals too—
 Again he asks the doctor what to do—
 The art of *Esculapius* soon will fail,
 And then he only goes by *Bath* to hell!

But here, in *Sardis*, CHRIST hath got a few,
 Who are by wondrous grace made creatures new.
 Descend, thou great physician, here descend,
 The deadly plague in ev'ry heart to mend:
 Vouchsafe the sick who hither come for health,
 Enjoy their pleasures, and expend their wealth,
 Vouchsafe them all that mental health to find,
 Which only dwells within a gracious mind.

From *Bath* to *Bradford* let us pass along,
 To mercy leave the grand unhealthy throng:
 Yet make those waters like *Bethesda's* pool,
 And there, dear SAVIOUR, heal each wounded soul:

At *Bradford*, *Frome*, *Westbury*, and *Devizes*:
 Are sinners plenty of all ranks and sizes:
 Yet there you find a holy, happy few,
 Who nor themselves, nor yet the SAVIOUR knew,
 'Til Jesu's love their spirits sweetly drew.

}

Survey the country quite round *Salisbury plain*,
 You'll hundreds find who now are *born again*.
 The SAVIOUR, and his saving name they know,
 And, tied by love, in bands to heaven they go.
 Their souls illumin'd by a light divine,
 As glorious stars they in their orbit shine;
 Their tempers pleasing, and their conduct good,
 Bespeak the virtues of redeeming blood.

At *Shepton-mallet, Taunton, Plymouth-dock*
 Are many souls built up upon the rock.
 And on the shore, thro' ev'ry county try,
 And you'll find thousands ere you come at *Rye*.
 Traverse all *Sussex*, and adjacent *Kent*
 To all which counties there are preachers sent,
 Who on GOD's glory, and men's good are bent. }
 Mark how they labour in the vineyard large!
 See how their daily duty they discharge!
 Poor souls to save, and their REDEEMER please,
 They watch each moment, and they take no ease.
 Before the lark they rise in early spring, }
 And oft, like *Philomel*, at midnight sing,
 Their GOD to serve—and souls to JESUS bring.
 They catch the fleeting moments as they fly,
 Redeeming time, well knowing death is nigh.

Cross o'er the *Thames*, and from the *Kentish shore*,
 The work of GOD eastward of that explore.
 The muse at *Colchester* may call, for there
 A few reside, to JESUS very dear.
 His name they love, his saving power they find,
 And earnest strive to have a Christ-like mind:
 The towns around as nurseries appear.
 And trees of righteousness do flourish there:

All avenues which to destruction lead,
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 And earnest strive to have a Christ-like mind:
 The towns around as nurseries appear.
 And trees of righteousness do flourish there:

See how they bud, they bloom, they ripen fast,
 As knowing summer will not always last.
 But woe to them whose hearts are never mended,
 When summer's gone, and harvest-days are ended.
 Work while 'tis call'd to-day, why idle stand?
 When such great business you have under hand!
 Your souls, your souls, your precious souls stand need
 Of all your care, and all your time indeed!
 Improve each moment, catch them as they fly,
 Lest you too late on God for mercy cry.

In *Norfolk*, *Suffolk*, and the counties near,
 What numbers croud God's saving truths to hear! }
 With small societies formed every where.
 What dreadful scenes at *Norwich* first were seen,
 Like blood-hounds train'd, the mobs for blood were keen,
 Thousands appear'd the preacher to devour,
 While thick as hail the stones about him pour.
 All bruise'd and bleeding, yea, half-dead and more,
 Besmear'd with dirt, which mingled with his gore,
 A spectacle, a gazing stock he lay,
 While many thought king mob had won the day.
 But God, who laughs such puny foes to scorn,
 When he sometime their wicked ways had borne,
 The blood-hounds muzzled, and in spite of them,
 A people call'd to celebrate his name.
 A people still within that city live,
 Who all their hearts in love to Jesus give.

But ah, alas! how many proffer'd fair,
 Who yet no fruit unto perfection bare.
 How many souls like way-side hearers were,
 Who when God's word they soon and late did hear,
 Satan that word pick'd up, as birds do seed,
 And hence brought forth no heavenly fruit indeed.

Others

Others again, with hearts like stony ground,
 Long promis'd fair,—at length no crop was found.
 Earth's diff'rent soils, men's diff'rent tempers shew,
 And by the produce you their hearts may know.
 Many whose minds imbib'd the genial ray,
 Their sins forsook when they began to pray :
 But worldly wealth, or worldly cares crept in,
 Their virtue spoil'd, and drew them back to sin.

Others there were both cits and country folk,
 Who sweetly drew in JESU'S easy yoke ;
 Who learn'd of him a meek and holy mind,
 Whose souls by faith were unto JESUS join'd,
 But ah, like *Cooper*, there none could you find !

She shone like *Cynthia*, and the shining rays,
 Deriv'd from JESUS, made her actions blaze.
 Her heart on fire burnt with a heav'nly flame,
 (Which grace had kindled for her Saviour's fame)
 And felt the utmost virtue of his name.
 His blood did cleanse her, and her sins destroy,
 Like gold refin'd, and freed from its alloy.
 Her tongue, her tempers, and her conduct prov'd,
 She lov'd her GOD, and she was much lov'd.
 She shone a while—then like the setting sun,
 When she a short and useful course had run,
 Soon disappear'd—to rise above the sky,
 And shine with CHRIST and brightest saints on high.
 O for more lights like her in this our day,
 Like her to love, to live, to watch, and pray !
 Like her whose grace to full perfection grew,
 Complete through CHRIST, and quite a creature new !

As rivers from the sea their springs derive,
 Glide thro' the vales, and to the ocean drive—

As from the heart the purple current goes,
 And from the centre to the circle flows,
 Then from the circle to the heart again,
 It bends its course thro' ev'ry open vein ;
 Thus round the British isles the muse has run,
 And there must rest where she her tour begun,
 The little spark at *London* first broke out,
 And quickly flew the British isles about,
 Kindled a fire in ev'ry place it came,
 Enough to set the Kingdom in a flame,
 With love to JESUS, and his saving name. }
London! a mart, and fam'd for merchandise ;
 And not less fam'd for virtue, and for vice—
 There vice and virtue in perfection grow,
 As much, perhaps, as any where below.
 Yet there, alas ? fell vice in triumph rides,
 And leads fair virtue at her chariot sides.
 How few against the conqueror make a stand,
 And fight for GOD to save a sinking land !
 WESLEY and WHITFIELD ! champions of the Lord,
 These dar'd to face the bishops, or the sword ;
 No power on earth their minds intimidate,
 Ecclesiastic or the civil state.
 They smile at censure, and they fear no pain,
 But boldly cry, *ye must be born again.*
 Thousands on thousands run with eager pace,
 To see a WESLEY, or a WHITFIELD's face,
 Their words to hear, their message to receive,
 And for their sins with broken hearts to grieve,
 Till they in JESUS with their hearts believe. }
 But softly muse ! a moment make a stand,
 Within the centre of this favour'd land —

What solemn sounds affect my list'ning ear?
 Methinks ten thousand tongues and more I hear
 From ev'ry part and corner of this nation,
 From texes both of ev'ry rank and station,
 Confess the good their souls thro' grace receiv'd,
 Since they in CHRIST by WESLEY's means believ'd.
 As solar beams in burning glasses meet,
 They strike my ear, and all one sound repeat.

' When first field-preachers to our places came,
 And with an unction in their master's name
 ' Did all the saving truths of God proclaim. }
 ' Ah what poor wretched souls they found us then,
 ' Immers'd in vice, and more like brutes than men.
 ' Not sinful only, as men are by nature, }
 ' Deform'd and fallen, and robb'd of every feature,
 ' Which grac'd mankind when made by their Creator. }
 ' But O, alas, of all the sinful race, }
 ' There none on earth had more abus'd their grace,
 ' And none in hell deserv'd a hotter place. }
 ' What strange confusion in our hearts appear'd!
 ' Instead of God there fiends their thrones had rear'd, }
 ' While we our maker neither lov'd nor fear'd. }
 ' Indulg'd in all the fashionable crimes,
 ' Which quite disgrace these sad degen'rate times,
 ' Like hogs we wallow'd in the dirty mire,
 ' With tongues inflam'd, and kindled by hell fire.
 ' We burnt our neighbours' fame, and sunk in sin,
 ' We greedy drank all kinds of vices in,
 ' In vain to church we on each sabbath went,
 ' As if pretending we would there repent:
 ' Repentance far from our hard hearts then stood,
 ' As we ne'er meant at that time to turn good.

‘ Ourselves we pleas’d, our vanity indulg’d,
 ‘ And on the road our neighbours’ faults divulg’d;
 ‘ Our darken’d minds the parson’s sermon prais’d,
 ‘ Tho’ all the time we at each other gaz’d
 ‘ With ogling eyes, and wanton passions fir’d,
 ‘ Which gaudy dress, and other things inspir’d.
 ‘ Estrang’d from GOD, from CHRIST, from saving hope,
 ‘ To ev’ry sin ourselves we render’d up,
 ‘ Which fashion, pleasure, profit, could inspire,
 ‘ By which we still sunk deeper in the mire.
 ‘ Our hearts were hard, our consciences asleep,
 ‘ And there the strong man arm’d his goods did keep.
 ‘ We saw small danger, and we fear’d as small,
 ‘ And sometimes neither saw nor fear’d at all.
 ‘ We sinners were, all which we knew full well,
 ‘ And yet we hop’d we should not go to hell:
 ‘ CHRIST died for sinners—this we firm believ’d—
 ‘ And yet sinn’d on, and God’s good spirit griev’d.
 ‘ Sometimes we thought, but most when we were sick,
 ‘ (For then we chiefly found our conscience prick)
 ‘ We will repent, we will our sins forsake,
 ‘ We will reform, and better methods take,
 ‘ If God will spare us but this single time,
 ‘ And health restore us in its wonted prime.—
 ‘ Thus we resolv’d, and oft resolv’d again;
 ‘ But ah! when once our sickness, or our pain
 ‘ Were gone, our vows we broke, to folly turn’d,
 ‘ And yet for neither vows, nor folly mourn’d.
 ‘ And thus enslav’d to passion, and to pride,
 ‘ And almost every daring vice beside,
 ‘ We liv’d, and should have liv’d, for aught we know,
 ‘ Estrang’d from CHRIST, and breakers of God’s law,

Had

‘ Had not kind heaven (on human good intent)
 ‘ Our souls alarm’d, our hearts afunder rent,
 ‘ Through WESLEY’s words, or preachers which he sent. }
 ‘ These last appear’d, without or gown, or band,
 ‘ And preach’d in language we could understand :
 ‘ Not studied speech which heathen sages taught,
 ‘ In classic style, from school, or college brought,
 ‘ But such as nature and God’s work afforded,
 ‘ Altho’ sometimes not elegantly worded.
 ‘ But rustic language, fit for rustic ears,
 ‘ Which rent our hearts, and melted us in tears.
 ‘ Their words we feel,—and while they rend our heart,
 ‘ They make us tremble, and from sin depart.
 ‘ The honest freedom with our souls they take,
 ‘ When they those sinks of vice and folly rake.
 ‘ Make us imagine they have privy been
 ‘ To all our ways—or that our hearts they’ve seen,
 ‘ Their words, like glasses, our own features shew,
 ‘ And tell us all we’ve done, or said, or know.
 ‘ Thus pointed home, and back’d with heavenly power,
 ‘ Their speeches pierce us, and our pride they lower :
 ‘ Their words, like bearded arrows, stick so fast.
 ‘ We cannot shake them off, but yield at last.
 ‘ O’ercome we fall, and at the SAVIOUR’s feet
 ‘ Prostrate our souls, and wait our doom to meet.
 ‘ The SAVIOUR speaks the soul reviving word,
 ‘ *Arise, and live, and follow now thy Lord.*
 ‘ O joyful news! those tidings reach the heart,—
 ‘ At once our sins, our guilt, our fears depart :
 ‘ We rise with hearts rejoic’d, and sins forgiven,
 ‘ And follow CHRIST, in all his ways, to heaven.’

Thus publicans and sinners, with one voice
 Proclaim their follies, yet in God rejoice.—

Rejoice

Rejoice in CHRIST, their SAVIOUR, from all sin,
 And earnest strive the heavenly prize to win.
 The Pharisees with publicans now join,
 To celebrate the worth of blood divine:
 The work proclaim which God for them has done,
 Since first field preaching in this land begun.

Hark! from afar, ten thousand voices more,
 Accost my ear from ev'ry distant shore!
 In accents sweet, and melting strains they tell!
 By what blest means their souls are sav'd from hell.
 ' To church, or meeting, we from childhood went,
 ' As friends advis'd, or parents thither sent;
 ' Baptiz'd when infants—and at riper years
 ' Our bibles read, and daily said our prayers,
 ' Both when we rose, and when we went to bed,
 ' And in the strictest discipline were bred.
 ' *Companions to the altar* we obtain'd,
 ' Where often we receiv'd, as CHRIST ordain'd.
 ' We did no harm—yea often did much good,
 ' As much as able, or as understood;
 ' Were sober, upright, honest in our dealings,
 ' And were not void of tender humane feelings;
 ' Our little pittance with the poor divided,
 ' And never with ill-natur'd neighbours chided.
 ' We were call'd Christians, and we thought we were,
 ' And hence we judg'd we nothing had to fear.
 ' We were approv'd and by our priests commended,
 ' Who weekly taught us when our days were ended,
 ' That heaven's gates would glad admit us in,
 ' For, as some thought, we had *more grace than sin*.
 ' Good works we did, to balance all our bad,
 ' And often judg'd far more good works we had,
 ' Which turn'd the scale, and made our spirits glad. }

And

- And hence we strove, and for good works we panted,
- Yet firm believ'd CHRIST made up what we wanted.
- And tho' we know we all had oft offended,
- Yet still we hop'd that when our days were ended, }
 • We by our judge should rather be commended : }
- At least suppos'd a better chance we stood
- Than others did, for few we thought so good.
- Hence we inferr'd we were all sure of heaven,
- Or if we miss'd, where would the rest be driven.
- And thus presuming in our sins we lay,
- As dark as heathens without gospel-day.
- Ah rueful state ! how self-deceiv'd were we,
- Who nor ourselves, nor God's pure law could see !
- Self-righteous all, and of our goodness boasted,
- For not in CHRIST but in ourselves we trusted—
- No light we had our fallen state to see, }
- Or that we chang'd and *born again* must be, }
- 'Til which our fruit grew on an evil tree.
- From nature polish'd all our virtues grew,
- As we by grace were not made creatures new.
- Conscious we were in some things we fell short,
- Yet own it true, we scarce were sorry for't:
- We thought with us that God would compromise,
- (So self deceived and so blind our eyes)
- Not knowing that whate'er but once offends, }
- Thenceforth all right to life and favour ends, }
- Nor for one sin can ever make amends.
- All praise, all glory unto God we give,
- That we've seen better while on earth we live.
- All praise, all glory be to God on high,
- That we've felt better things before we die !
- Glory, glory, glory be for ever,
- To him who of good gifts is the sole giver.

Who

' Who gave his son—and then his servants sent,
 ' When we on our self righteousness were bent,
 ' To let us see we a Redeemer wanted—
 ' To let us know that God his spirit granted,
 ' To ev'ry soul who for that spirit panted: }
 ' Who search'd our hearts, and dash'd our hopes to pieces,
 ' Founded on self, not on the love of JESUS.—
 ' Hark! Pharisees with publicans unite,
 ' And under JESUS' banners jointly fight,
 And in sweet chorus gratefully they sing
 His dying love, and make the kingdom ring!
 ' O for ten thousand times ten thousand tongues!
 ' O for some heavenly, some angelic songs!
 ' Were we possessed of some seraphic wing,
 ' Then ev'ry ear in ev'ry land should ring
 ' With our Redeemer's name, and love, and grace,
 ' Who died to ransom Adam's fallen race,
 ' And by his blood, and by his spirit given,
 ' Hath seal'd our peace, and made us meet for heaven.
 ' By whom we're call'd, and sanctified, and sav'd,
 ' And who his law hath on our hearts engrav'd;
 ' By whom a life of heaven on earth we live,
 ' To whom, therefore, we all the praise will give.
 ' Glory, glory to our God be given,
 ' By men on earth, by all the hosts of heaven,
 ' Till heaven and earth shall in one chorus join,
 ' All holy, happy, god-like and divine.
 ' 'Til God's sole praise by all shall chaunted be,
 ' But by no saint or angel more than ME, }
 ' Thro' all the endless ages of eternity!
 All hail ye thousands and ten thousand souls,
 Whom those who know no better deem but fools,

Take

Take up your cross, your master's livery wear,
 And in your bodies JESUS' stigmas bear,
 Nor fiends below, nor men about you fear. }
 Dare in your master's righteous cause to stand,
 And spread yet more, and leaven all the land.
 With ardent zeal, with hearts all set on fire,
 First your Redeemer's grace and love admire :
 And then your neighbour's good, his better part,
 Promote with tongue and purse, with head and heart.
 Be good yourselves, and do good while you live ;
 To God live close—yourselves to JESUS give.
 Hail favour'd people whom the LORD has blest !
 Whose souls have found the first or second rest :
 A rest from guilt through JESU'S sprinkled blood,
 By which believers all have peace with GOD :
 A farther rest from passion's powerful sway,
 When JESUS takes your every sin away.
 Then placid tempers, such as CHRIST possessest,
 Shall reign supreme in your devoted breast.
 Go on, go on—this is your race decreed, }
 Nor faint, nor fear, but run with rapid speed,
 'Till freed from sin, you will be free indeed. }
 Believe, rejoice,—rejoice again, I say— }
 Believe, and love, rejoice, and watch, and pray,
 And give yourselves to JESUS night and day. }
 So shall your souls, when these frail bodies die,
 By angels wafted, live above the sky,
 Unite your songs with all the hosts above, }
 And vie with angels, while dissolv'd in love,
 And all the bliss of heaven eternally shall prove. }

C A N T O XIII.

O SOLEMN time! 'tis England's visitation,
 By Heaven allow'd to make a reformation.
 Full forty years the weeping prophet preach'd—
 Full forty years God's sparing mercy reach'd,
 But ah, alas! no reformation wrought!
 And therefore God against his people fought,
 The people fell, the land lay desolate,
 Nor enter'd any at the temple-gate.
 The temple burnt, the city laid in ruins,
 And all for *Juda's* vile and wicked doings!
 These facts are plac'd a mirror for our land,
 And in this glass her case you understand.
 May heaven avert the judgments we deserve,
 And turn our hearts his holy will to serve,
 Lest we should suffer like that wicked nation,
 Our land and temples made a desolation.

Awake, awake, ye sleeping shepherds wake!
 Behold the wolves most dreadful havock make!
 The *Atheist*, *Deist*, *Arian*, and the rest,
 (Who only know the name of CHRIST at best)
 Your folds have enter'd, and the plains o'erspread,
 And from the gospel-truth the sheep have led.
 What will the SAVIOUR say, if you his sheep
 Permit to perish while you are asleep?

Now ask the clergy of each different sect,
 If you essential doctrines should neglect,

If your example be defective too,
 What are your flocks in such a case to do?
 The muse would gladly cast a shading veil,
 O'er all those shepherds who in duties fail;
 She has no spleen to feed with others faults,
 And therefore never laughs when any halts;
 But precious souls too precious are to lose,
 Which thought with warmth inspires the humble muse,
 That loss to hinder, every means to use. }

It is a fact, and no one can deny it,
 A fact so glaring, purblind men may spy it,
 That since the LORD field-preachers sent about
 Lost sheep to seek the British isles throughout,
 Thousands were found who hasting were to hell,
 Whose pastors car'd not, so they far'd but well.
 How care for others, when strong signs appear'd,
 For their own souls they ne'er a button car'd,
 As if nor GOD, nor hell were to be fear'd. }

'Tis hence the great Redeemer of mankind,
 When he beheld such pastors dumb and blind,
 He others sent neglected souls to mind. }
 Had ev'ry pastor in each parish plac'd,
 With holy living each his parish grac'd,
 His doctrine's pure, his sentiments refin'd,
 Experience sound, and of a Christ-like mind,
 Laid out his talents for his master dear,
 And preach'd sound truths, devoid of human fear,
 The muse supposes, and with reason too,
 That WESLEY's preachers had found nought to do.
 She farther thinks that WESLEY's self had been,
 In some great church, or some cathedral seen:
 And that those laymen who his helpers are,
 (Whose thoughts from preaching once were very far)

Had staid at home, each in his occupation,
 Nor ever stepp'd into the pastor's station.
 But desp'rate cases, desp'rate med'cines have,
 All which are tried the patient's life to save:
 Uncommon measures prudent men will take,
 Men's all to save, when all is at the stake.
 Then who shall tie the hands of God above
 From taking measures which he does approve
 Poor souls to save, his purpose to fulfil,
 Who does what best agrees with his own will?
 When those neglect, or lead their flock astray,
 Whose office 'tis to watch them night and day,
 Is it a wonder if the owner should
 Others employ his flock to feed and fold?
 In vain those shepherds try by argument,
 To prove that *laymen* God hath never sent.
 Since he hath set his signet to their word,
 And thousands lost are brought unto the LORD.

He sends by whom he will, nor asks he leave
 To whom this mission, or this work he'll give.
Things that are not the mighty God he chuses,
And things that are he very oft refuses:
 And thus his pleasure to the world makes known,
 As earth and all things in it are his own:
 And if his own, cease man thy murm'ings still,
 Nor quarrel with him while he works his will.

The worldly wise, and self-conceited band,
 The things of God can never understand:
 From such are hid the myst'ries of God's grace,
 Tho' oft they've filled the churches highest place,
 From motives mean, unscript'ral, worldly, base.
 By sensual, nat'ral men, the things of God,
 Learn'd or unlearn'd, were never understood:

}
 A brute's

A brute's as capable to reason well.
As nat'ral men the things of God to tell.

But simple men of heart, sincere and pure,
Who strive to make their own election sure :
Fir'd with God's love, and with the love of man,
And clearly understand the Gospel plan ;
Who scripture-knowledge, and experience have
How CHRIST his people from their sins does save,
Whose leading motives are the good of men,
And Heaven's honour to retrieve again ;
Who run themselves the blessed heavenly race,
Are fill'd with love, and fraught with JESUS' grace,
Say what you will, such men most proper are,
In reason's eye, to sit in MOSES' chair,
Their God will own them, and their word imparts
Life to the dead, and health to wounded hearts.

Sinners to save, and saints to edify,
Are God's own works, whoe'er he works 'em by.
Survey mankind, you see some wise, some fools,
And therefore God makes use of diff'rent tools
Adapted to the diff'rent states of men,
To form their minds, and make them new again.
In ev'ry age he always takes such ways
The proud to humble, and the low to raise,
As best contribute to secure his praise. }

ELIJAH call'd ELISHA from the plow,
As GOD in this our age doth many now :
An herdsman-prophet grac'd the holy land,
And Israel got God's message by his hand.
In days of old poor fishermen were sent,
The world to teach, and call them to repent :
Three years and more, the great Apostle PAUL
A layman was, yet preach'd the word to all.

And

And what if God, to prove the work divine,
 Makes unlearn'd laymen in his service shine?
 Or what avails to whom the grace is given
 To save lost souls, and guide them safe to heaven?
 The rustic speaker in plain homely words
 The most instruction to the poor affords:
 While men of learning, and of shining parts,
 Will touch the ears, but often miss the hearts.
 Such is the case, and such has always been,
 In ev'ry age, as wisest men have seen.

If these are facts, and who these facts deny?
 (To prove them false the muse may all defy)
 Let British isles receive the gospel word
 From such as seem well-pleasing to the LORD
 To send, and of his truths bear plain record.

While others sleep they early take in hand,
 Much like the sun, to shed light thro' the land,
 The mists to scatter from the misty mind,
 Which knows not how the way to bliss to find,
 At evening tide the seeds of life they sow,
 Likewise at early morn, that both may grow,
 But which is best, perhaps no man can know.
 Like husbandmen they daily break the clod,
 And sow the seed, but leave the rest to God.

What glorious fruits their labours have attended,
 What wicked wretches thro' their means have mended,
 Which otherwise might life in sin have ended!
 Go on good men, with WESLEY at the head—
 Stir up the living, and awake the dead;
 The word you preach thro' JESUS' saving power,
 Can thousands convert in a single hour.

Hail! rev'rend brethren, (if the humble muse
 May dare presume that epithet to use)

All hail ye servants of the king of heaven,
 To whom the Lord hath highest honour given,
 By whom he hath his great embassy sent,
 To call these kingdoms humbly to repent.
 In his great name negotiate a peace,
 With ev'ry soul who from his sins will cease.

Bold in your master's cause, throughout the land,
 In ev'ry village, ev'ry city stand,
 Declare your errand, and entreat them all
 Of ev'ry rank and sex, both great and small,
 With broken hearts at JESUS' feet to fall.
 Wrestle with God, and with poor sinners too,
 Instruct, persuade, entreat, and court, and woo,
 And tell the world what sinners ought to do.
 Nor stop for trifles---souls no trifles are,
 But wage with hell a never-ceasing war.
 The blood of CHRIST which hath a world redeemed
 No trifle is, tho' such by some esteem'd:
 The glories of the promis'd world on high
 No trifles are, tho' many pass them by:
 No trifle Hell, nor yet the wrath of God,
 Tho' crowds on crowds are pressing down that road,
 Stand in their way, persuade them now to stop,
 And turn to God, ere into hell they drop,
 Your time, your talents, and your strength lay out,
 And let the world see what you are about,
 Ne'er bate your pace, nor slack your reins an hour
 But through the kingdom take your daily tour:
 In ev'ry place, with ev'ry breath proclaim,
 The healing virtue of your SAVIOUR's name.
 While lungs, and heart, and life-blood play within,
 Wage war with hell, with wicked self, and sin.

With

With latest breath and dying language tell,
 How JESUS saves from sin, from death, and hell :
 And when your souls take wing, and soar on high,
 Shout to poor sinners from the op'ning sky,
 Repent, believe, and live, since CHRIST for you did die! }

+++++
 C A N T O X I V .
 +++++

SPRING up my muse, once more in humble style,
 Without false painting, or the arts of guile,
 A brief account of Methodists now give,
 And shew the world the way those Christians live :
 (For METHODIST is but another name,
 For CHRISTIAN zeal, howe'er at first it came.)
 Their manners and their discipl'ne display,
 And shew fair virtue in the open day.
 True Methodists a holy people are,
 Who wage with sin and hell a constant war.
 Call'd forth of God, they make an open stand,
 Against the open vices of the land :
 Endu'd with grace, they use all prudent means
 To pull down sin, where'er the monster reigns :
 These ends to compass, and these points pursue,
 Some means are private, some expos'd to view.
 The Muse intends their ev'ry way to trace,
 That all may view them with an open face.

Their

Their public sermons ev'ry body knows,
 Are plain and pointed at the very cause
 Of all our public and our private woes. }
 Sin, cursed sin, the root of every ill,
 Whose throne is plac'd in ev'ry human will :
 From this vile root, in nat'ral men it reigns,
 And grows, and flows, as blood does thro' our veins.
 Thus sin is in our fallen nature fix'd,
 And quite throughout both mind and body mix'd :
 And hence both mind and body are defil'd,
 The wretched case of ev'ry ADAM's child.

Hence 'tis a plain and certain truth indeed,
 A birth from heaven all men must stand in need:
 For how can man, whose nature is unclean,
 Unite with God 'till he is born again ?

All bodies do their contraries repel,
 And therefore God drives sinners into hell.
 Nor can we think that herein he does wrong,
 —————so long !

As vice is virtue's greatest opposite,
 Which in their natures never can unite.
 It follows then man must be holy made,
 Not by his own, but by a heavenly aid, }
 Which help for man is on the saviour laid.
 The Methodists do both believe and preach it,
 That help is laid where ADAM's sons may reach it ;
 Tho' not by nature, but an arm of faith,
 Which each true Christian in the SAVIOUR hath ;
 Which faith is wrought within us by the spirit,
 And which no man by nature does inherit,
 And yet which all who ask and seek may have,
 While they're within the SAVIOUR's reach to save.

'Tis true the Calvinist his reason brings,
 To prove the Lord of all, the King of Kings,
 Regards a few with partial love and grace,
 And damns the rest of ADAM's helpless race—
 Yea damn'd them long ere time began to be,
 By his unchangeable unknown decree.

Not so the hero of these simple rhymes,
 (Which is with some the greatest of his crimes)
 When he surveys the works of God around,
 Whether in nature, or religion found,
 He sees no cause such views of God to give,
 That holy Being in whom we move and live:
 He thinks creation and the scriptures prove,
 That God's a being of universal love.

Nor can he to his reason reconcile it,
 That reprobation, as they often style it,
 Can have existence in the will of heaven,
Without conditions to the wretches given.
 And, as he thinks, the scriptures contradict it,
 His conscience makes him in cool blood reject it.

Shew an election without reprobation,
 And this will minister much less occasion,
 To judge election worthy condemnation. }
 But this, he thinks no man can ever find,
 As these twin-doctrines are so closely join'd,
 That he who does the one in terms deny,
 Must also with it let the other die:
 As soul and body both but make one man,
 So these two doctrines form election's plan.
 That man is *free through grace* he firm believes,
 But then 'tis God to man this freedom gives.

In ADAM bound—by CHRIST *again made free*,
 He rightly judges all mankind to be.

'Tis

'Tis true, this freedom man may forfeit still,
 And bow obsequious to the devil's will,
 Sin quite away his *freedom* and his *grace*,
 Nor for repentance leave or time or place,
 'Til God shall drive him from his blessed face.

Whose fault is this ? he candidly does cry,
 Not God's : He never did *more grace* deny,
 To any souls who for *that grace* apply.
Much grace unsought he gives—and will give *more*
 To all who *use* the grace he gave before.

Yet millions perish—but they perish still,
 Destroying grace and doing their own will.
 When man's *self-harden'd*, and God's spirit grieves,
 His God rejects him and to nature leaves.

Others, by grace, work while 'tis call'd to-day,
 The grace they have they *use* without delay—
 In such the promise is fulfill'd, and *more*
 He gives them now than ere they had before.
 The more they have, when all that more they use,
More still to give their God will not refuse,
 'Til with his fulness he has fill'd them all,
 And sanctified their body, spirit, soul.
 Not nature then but *grace improv'd* saves these,
 Which doctrine plainly with God's word agrees.
 Thus scripture-truths shine with unsullied light,
 And prove to man the ways of God are right—
 His justice vindicates, his love displays,
 With perfect harmony in all his ways.
 The righteous sav'd, because they CHRIST receiv'd ;
 The wicked damn'd, because they disbeliev'd ;
 The one does willing and obedient prove,
 The others sin away God's grace and love :

This his damnation seals by his own wilful sin,
 That his salvation seals by using grace within.
 All who are sav'd, are sav'd by CHRIST thro' grace—
 All who are damn'd, are damn'd for their own ways.

And thus he lays the axe to ev'ry rotten root,
 And stubs those trees up which do bear no fruit.
 The nat'ral man he levels with the dust,
 Proclaims him sinful and of GOD accurst;
 Yet leaves him not in that poor curst state,
 But preaches pardon when 'tis not too late;
 Points him to JESUS who his soul can save,
 From all his sin, and raise him from the grave:
 Then, with his fulness fill'd, he lives and dies,
 And shouts CHRIST's glory thro' both earth and skies.

These, and such principles as these, they teach
 In private converse, and in public preach:
 Nor needs the muse their doctrines full display,
 Our hero's writings make them clear as day.

Early and late these gospel heralds stand,
 And make these doctrines ring throughout the land.
 Hark how they preach! mark how they sweat and toil!
 Their purple fluids in their cisterns boil:
 Their voices fail—their strength exhausted nigh,
 And nat'ral spirits evaporate and fly,
 While plain to sinners they their dangers tell,
 And strive to catch them dropping into hell.
 They all their strength and energy lay out,
 As knowing well the work they are about.

The soul's *great worth* they deeply lay to heart!
 This made the SAVIOUR with his life-blood part:
 'The great *God-man*—his life man's ransom was
 Immense the value paid upon the cross!

The awful terrors of an Angry God,
 The cutting strokes of his avenging rod
 Themselves have felt—And O what tongue can tell,
 Those prelibations of a future hell!
 Fir'd with these subjects, melted with compassion,
 (Subjects far greater than to save a nation)
 They ev'ry art, and ev'ry method try,
 To stop poor wretches as to hell they fly.
 And who can blame? yea who does not commend
 The man who strives to save his dying friend?
 But how much more are actions worthy praise,
 Design'd to save, and wretched souls to raise?

But how do preachers here admission find?
 And on what terms are they with WESLEY join'd?
 Each proof must give of his own soul's conversion,
 And ever since of upright conversation.
 Nor is this all, for gifts with grace must join,
 And trial made, success with these combine:
 For tho' a man may be both good and wise,
 And talents have, if he those talents tries,
 Yet if no fruits from using them appear,
 He need not hope to gain admission there.
 With Methodists it is a maxim laid,
 Whatever man God *hath a preacher made*,
 That man's converted, gifted, blessed too,
 Or more or less, as God seems meet to do.

Once in the year behold a reverend band,
 Of preachers meet—these jointly take in hand
 Each subject grave, while WESLEY their presides,
 And with consent their labours each divides.
 No conclave this, as if a pope to chuse,
 The rights and liberties of men t' abuse—

Nor

Nor yet a council met to dogmatize,
 And make mankind see things with others eyes:
 No synod this, or holy convocation
 To bind the conscience, or confine the nation
 Within such limits as God never made,
 But made by man *since preaching was a trade*.
 Man's fallibility is here confess'd,
 And none rules absolute above the rest—
 Here reason rules—and scriptures point the way,
 Scriptures! where duty shines as clear as day—
 Nothing's admitted with decision grave,
 But for their ground reason or scripture have:
 Each subject lies expos'd to free debate,
 As ought in councils of the civil state.
 Essential doctrines are at first discuss'd,
 Then discipline, with rules both plain and just;
 Rules which are publish'd to each vulgar eye,
 Which bands and classes are directed by.
 Each preacher here is closely catechis'd,
 And of his duty very well appriz'd:
 Warn'd of his danger, if he that neglects,
 Whether himself or others it respects;
 Not mending soon—the *confer'ence* him rejects.
 The work is great, the charge is greater still,
As man, as minister, to do God's will.

In this grave meeting of grave men you see,
 Of different gifts a vast variety.
 In some great learning and great gifts unite,
 Which grace does polish 'til they shine most bright.
 Such polish'd shafts the Lord hath in his quiver,
 By which he oft does joints and marrow sever,
 The rebel pierces, and dissects his heart,
 'Til ev'ry sin doth from his soul depart.

Others

Others are rustic, yet have elocution.
 With fiery zeal inspired in profusion;
 Their faith is strong, their hearts are warm indeed,
 Whose words oft make the hardest hearts to bleed.

And here it is, as in the human frame,
 The members differ, all are not the same;
 Yet each contributes all the good it can,
 And acts its part, and thus completes the man.
 In manner like, these diff'rent gifted friends,
 For common good, what help each can, he lends,
 And hence the whole in God's great glory ends. }

Before they part, most earnest prayer is made,
 And God invok'd to give his servants aid,
 That when they come each to the place assign'd,
 They all God's blessing on their works may find;
 That gifts and grace, and usefulness may grow.
 'Til each has done his mighty work below.

In doctrine sound, in heart upright and pure,
 His race may run, and to the end endure,
 And helping others make his own election sure. }

Watch-nights they oft like ancient *vigils* keep,
 And preach, and pray, and sing, while others sleep;
 For time is precious, this they would redeem,
 And steal from sleep some hours to give to him.
 While others spend their nights in dissipation,
 In them they wake to work out their salvation.

Love-feasts they hold like ancient *Agapes*,
 To help each other, and their God to please:
 In these blest meetings they themselves improve,
 In faith, and hope, benevolence and love.
 They sing and pray, then bread and water take,
 While God by grace their souls as one does make.

The preachers oft from pulpits speak their mind,
 And tell what GOD for them, and all mankind
 Has done—the people at love-feasts declare,
 Their souls' true state to every one that's there.
 And hence the reason why they none admit,
 But such as GOD by grace hath render'd fit,
 Lest they their pearls before some swine should cast,
 Whose wicked minds might rent them all at last.

They strive each other to provoke to love.
 To fix their hearts and treasures all above :
 To live in love with all mankind below,
 And hence demonstrate that they JESUS know.
 As embers burning when together laid,
 You oft have seen strong melting fires made,
 So in love-feasts, where hearts and prayers unite,
 And all on fire, each mind is polish'd bright :
 They love each other, and their neighbours love,
 Their king, their country, and their GOD above.

'Tis own'd that two are better far than one,
 And cords when twisted stronger than alone ;
 That union strengthens, while its want destroys,
 Both armies, nations, and each others joys.
 Convinced of this, the Methodists do make
 Societies, from which they classes take.
 Each class consists of ten, or twelve, or more,
 Of sexes both, and of both rich and poor.
 They sing, they pray, and to each other speak,
 And solely meet each others good to seek,
 The leaders questions, and advices give,
 Their doubts resolve, and teach them how to live.
 As iron does iron, so they each other whet,
 To act with vigour, and more grace to get.

To watch and pray, to fast and read the word,
 And earnest follow on to know the LORD;
 To strive each one in virtue to excel,
 In heart, in language, and in living well.

Religion's root consists of faith and love,
 And sends its fibres to the worlds above;
 Its virtues draws from JESUS' love and grace,
 By which its branches spread and grow apace.
 Whatever *mean* this root can help and nourish,
 By the same *mean* religion sure must flourish.
 In social worship such a mean we find,
 For plainer there each one can speak his mind,
 When all, like twisted cords, are with each other join'd.
 And hence from classes *bands* selected are,
 As nearest friends are to each other dear—
 Cemented by pure love their spirits join,
 As glue'd together by a hand divine.

As Jews in synagogues were rang'd and plac'd,
 Each sex apart, to keep them pure and chaste;
 So in these bands the sexes are not join'd,
 But each apart in purest love combin'd.
 As face with face in glasses will agree,
 So in these bands, when there are two or three
 Alike in state, and in experience too,
 Much good each other they can mostly do.
 With views like these they prudently combine,
 A few in bands, and with each other join,
 That they in Christian friendship may improve,
 And every band commence a band of love.

Thus has the muse with honest plainness shewn,
 All that of *Methodists* can e'er be known,
 Unless the reader should himself be one.

Our senses teach us objects far more plain,
Than words can do, which in themselves are vain.

'Tis by experience only that we prove,
How much these means contribute unto love;
But they who use them will with wonder find,
They're well adapted to improve the mind,
In grace and virtues of a heavenly kind.
For forty years a messenger from God,
Sent forth to sound the virtues of CHRIST's blood,
Around our British isles like light'ning flies,
And late and early thus to sinners cries—

' Ah, sinners! turn, why will you sin and die,
' When God your maker kindly asks you why?
' When JESUS for your souls a ransom paid,
' And peace with God for all mankind hath made?
' His grace awaits you in this gracious day,
' Come, sinners come, nor ling'ring stay away!
' JESUS invites—with you his spirit pleads—
' For you his blood this moment interceeds—
' Redeem the time, how swift it flies away!
' Delays are dangerous, O! make no delay,
' But rise, and seek, and knock, and watch, and pray.
' All sin forsake, and earnest seek the LORD,
' And daily read his soul-converting word:
' All means of grace attend with constant care,
' And where his people meet, know CHRIST is there.
' He waits to bless you, and your sins forgive,
' Your souls to save, that you with him may live.
' Believe, believe, and all your sin's forgiven,
' Believe, and taste an antepast of heaven.'

Thus to the vulgar throng he lifts his voice,
Which thousands hear, and in their God rejoice.

But

But Christians real, who saving faith do know,
 To such he cries, ' You all in grace must grow!
 ' 'Tis not for you to settle on your lees,
 ' 'Tis not for you t'indulge a simple ease;
 • Up, and be doing while 'tis call'd to day,
 • Nor rest, 'till all your sins are wash'd away.
 • The fountain's open, and CHRIST's precious blood
 • Your hearts will cleanse, and make them meet for God.
 • With constant watch your ev'ry step attend,
 • Love all mankind, or enemy, or friend:
 • Bless them that curse, and good for evil do,
 • Nor ever rest 'til made all creatures new.
 • You must be holy as the LORD hath said,
 • You must be like your glorious living head:
 • All sin must conquer thro' a power divine,
 • While heavenly graces in your tempers shine,
 • 'Til all the mind that was in CHRIST appears,
 • And all your hearts his heavenly image bears.
 • You must be perfect as your father is,
 • And live on earth a life of heavenly bliss.
 • When perfect love shall banish ev'ry fear,
 • And God himself shall dwell within you here,
 • Your persons sacred to the LORD will be,
 • An habitation for the sacred three.
 • Peace, righteousness, and joy will reign within,
 • When grace hath purg'd you from each bosom sin.
 • With all his fulness CHRIST your souls will fill,
 • And perfectly conform you to his will.
 • Then all his graces in your minds will shine.
 • Resplendent, glorious, holy, and divine.
 • A pattern live to all who live below,
 • Let heavenly flames within your bosoms glow,

'Tis

- ‘ ’Til you heaven in holy triumph ride,
- ‘ Where CHRIST will place you at his blessed side.
- ‘ Where palms of vict’ry you shall ever bear,
- ‘ (As having conquer’d in the glorious war)
- ‘ And crowns your head shall grace for ever there.
- ‘ Thus shall the candid man with pleasure see,
- ‘ (Howe’er in other things you disagree)
- ‘ Religion flourish like the vernal bloom,
- ‘ Or summer-fruits to full perfection come.
- ‘ Your lives, your language, and your deaths will be,
- ‘ Lectures to all, who live your deaths to see,
- ‘ And shining mirrors to posterity.’

Thus speaks the reverend Apostolic sage,
 With manly force, near fourscore years of age !
 His silver’d locks the fanning breezes wave—
 With smiling eyes, and noble aspect grave,
 He dares the mobs, or views the multitude,
 The gay, the grave, the gentle, or the rude,
 The learn’d, unlearn’d, the beggar, or the knight,
 The dull and stupid, or the genius bright—
 His matter and his manner suits to all,
 Who late or early come within his call.
 The sinner and the saint their portions find
 Cut out with care, adapted to their mind :
 The babes with milk, the men with meat he feeds,
 And deals about what ev’ry Christian needs.
 With upright views, and with paternal care,
 He spends his days in doing good, and prayer,
 And does the weight of all the churches bear.
 The different stages of his life survey,
 From early dawn, till near decline of day.
 His youthful virtues morning clouds were seen,
 But forty years like shining stars have been.

Permit the muse to soar in finer air,
 While she his life does to the sun compare —
 With Sol he rises in the early morn,
 And oft before his rays the hills adorn--
 His actions shine like solar beams by day,
 Diffusing all around a quick'ning ray;
 While, like the sun, he still holds on his way.
 The land he lightens by his doctrines bright,
 And walks a burning, and a shining light.
 When tired nature seeks refreshing rest,
 He sets a while, as Sol does in the West---
 But rises soon, his daily task renews,
 He works for God, and walks with upright views,
 And ev'ry mean of grace does daily use.

Long may he shine throughout these British isles,
 Favour'd each moment with his master's smiles:
 And when this orb shall from his orbit move,
 To shine like brightest suns in worlds above,
 May others rise to bless us here below,
 Who like this sun shall still his circuits go.
 When our ELIJAH on his carr shall rise,
 Upborne by Seraphs thro' the yielding skies,
 May some ELISHA catch his spirit too,
 Like him endow'd his master's work to do.
 The prophet's sons shall then a father find,
 The work to finish WESLEY left behind:
 Which work may GOD *continue and extend*,
 'Til time itself, and sin and sorrows end.

F I N I S.

The Reader is desired with his Pen to correct the following Errors before he reads this Pamphlet over.---Page 13, line 27, for what read which, p. 25, l. 11, f. from r. for, p. 34, l. 25, f. not r. but, p. 36, l. 10, f. sinners r. sinner, p. 37, l. 24, f. where r. were, p. 46, l. 14, f. this r. his, p. 50, l. 22, f. genius r. gems, ib. l. 24, f. found r. sent, p. 52, l. 31, f. his r. their, p. 55, l. 9, f. softer r. solar, ib. l. 15, f. minds r. mines, p. 58, l. 14, f. these r. their, p. 66, l. 24, f. whom r. them, p. 72, l. 9, f. nest r. net, p. 74, l. 21, f. he r. we, p. 80, l. 9, for crawling r. craving, ib. l. 11, f. Pheasants r. Peasants, ib. l. 14, f. Tygers r. Fryars, p. 87, l. 13, f. lands r. lambs, p. 88, l. 12, f. steep r. keep, ib. l. 18, f. which r. while, p. 109, l. 8, f. work r. word, p. 111, l. 25, f. whate'er r. whoc'er, p. 120, l. 11, f. zeal r. real.

A Prayer for Peace.

1. **T**HOU only Potentate on high,
 Whose glory dwells above the sky,
 Thy kingdom o'er the earth extend,
 'Til Monarchs at thy sceptre bend.
2. On favour'd Britain's Monarch smile,
 The peaceful parent of our isle;
 Prolong his life, protect his throne,
 And all his enterprizes crown.
3. May Peace her olive-wand extend,
 O'er Britain's once most happy land:
 Domestic feuds to friendship bring
 Among our Councils, Kingdom, King.
4. But o'er our false perfidious Foes,
 Who strive to ruin our repose,
 Stretch out thy arm ALMIGHTY GOD
 And awe them with thy iron rod.
5. Frustrate the schemes of France and Rome,
 (A token of their future doom)
 But lasting peace and honours bring,
 Upon our Country and our King.
6. Make wars to cease in ev'ry part,
 In peace unite each Monarch's heart:
 Our swords to plow-shares quickly beat,
 And spears to pruning hooks convert.
7. Let love in ev'ry bosom glow,
 And all the world our Jesus know;
 Then all the world in peace shall dwell,
 Triumphant o'er the Prince of Hell.

JANUARY 1st, 1781.

T H E E N D.

Entered at Stationers-Hall, according to Act of
 Parliament.